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The Stormy Days *of the* Electoral Commission

By Ex-Senator JOHN J. INGALLS

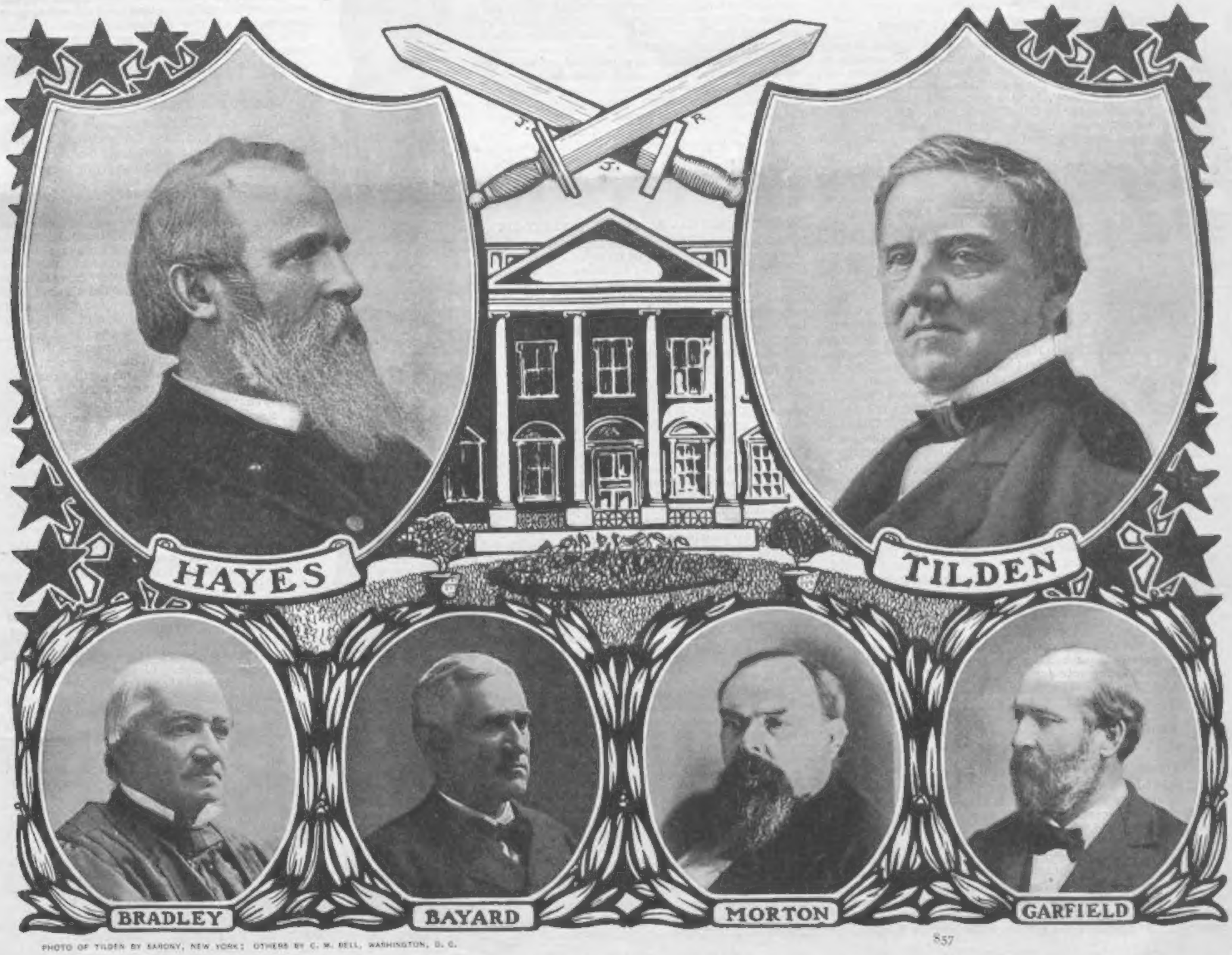


PHOTO OF TILDEN BY SARONY, NEW YORK; OTHERS BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Stormy Days of the Electoral Commission

By Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls

THE men who made the Constitution and built up our political system, rhetorically known as the fathers, the framers and the founders of the Republic, had little confidence in what Lincoln called the plain, common people, and less faith in their capacity for self-government.

They were aristocrats. They believed in the rule of the best, and not the rule of the most.

They thought public affairs should be controlled by intelligence and not by numbers.

They wanted liberty regulated by laws enacted by the wise, interpreted by the learned, and administered by the strong. How far their distrust of universal suffrage as the foundation of the State was justified is shown by the fact that while reluctantly conceding to the popular vote the lower House of Congress, which has been seldom tainted with impurity, they created a Senate, to be chosen by Legislatures—a scheme so prolific in venality, intrigue, bribery and corruption that it has become the scandal, the reproach and the menace of republican institutions.

For the choice of a President and Vice-President they invented a plan by which the people were to have nothing to do with the selection of their Executive.

It was so ingeniously clumsy and cumbersome, so defective in safeguards against the most obvious emergencies, so vague in its definitions, so pregnant with dangers that, even as immediately modified by the twelfth article of amendment to the Constitution, the marvel is that a catastrophe has been so long postponed.

THE VAGARIES OF OUR ELECTORAL SYSTEM

THEY provided for the appointment in each State, in such manner as the Legislatures might direct, of electors to assemble on a stated day at their respective capitals, to ballot in secret session, without consultation with their associates or the constituency, for the persons best qualified in their judgment to serve as Chief Magistrate of the nation and as President of the Senate for the next four years.

The result of their deliberations being signed in triplicate, one certificate is sent by mail and one by messenger to the President of the Senate, the third being retained against the contingency of loss or destruction.

The second Tuesday in February these certificates are to be opened by the President of the Senate in the presence of the two houses of Congress, and "the votes shall then be counted," but by whom they shall be counted the Constitution saith not. Whether the Vice-President and President of the Senate is a clerk, a custodian or an umpire is unknown. Whether the joint convention of the two Houses, in whose presence the President of the Senate opens the certificates—and "the votes shall then be counted"—is an impotent pageant, or the political tribunal of the nation, has never been determined. Whether the Houses separately and the individual Senators and Representatives are curious spectators, or jurors, or judges, is an enigma, as it has been for a hundred years.

First by the Congressional Caucus, and then by the National Nominating Convention, the people soon assumed the power of selecting the candidates for whom the electoral colleges should vote, but the antiquated, bungling, obsolete machinery remains. Theoretically the electors can vote for any persons they please for President and Vice-President. In 1897 every Bryan elector had the Constitutional right to vote for McKinley; every McKinley elector had the same right to vote for Bryan; all had the right to vote for Mr. Clark, of Montana, or Mr. Addicks, of Delaware—in either of which events the certificates would be opened by the President of the Senate, and "the votes shall then be counted!" There is no restraint but loyalty and the decrees of public opinion.

WITHIN A HAIRBREADTH OF A NATIONAL CRISIS

CHANCELLOR KENT, in his commentaries, says the President of the Senate counts the vote and determines the result. It is certain that the first electoral votes were opened and counted, and George Washington was declared elected by John Langdon, a Senator from the State of New Hampshire, who was chosen by the Senate as its President, for that sole purpose, before the Government was organized.

It is equally certain that had the President of the Senate, in February, 1877, opened the certificates, counted the votes, and declared Hayes and Wheeler elected President and Vice-President, by including the returns from Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina and Oregon among the others that were not disputed, the House of Representatives, being Democratic, would have at once proceeded to elect Tilden and Hendricks, voting by States. The result would have been two Presidents, each supported by his own party, each claiming title under the Constitution, a double inauguration, the Senate and House arrayed against each other, with the probability of armed collision, anarchy and civil war. The election of 1876 was the subsiding ground swell of the war.

After the surrender, the South submitted for a while to emancipation, negro suffrage, civil rights enactments, and the other crude enormities of reconstruction; but organizing at length in White Leagues and Ku Klux Klans, overturned the unstable governments which the ignorance of the former slaves and the cupidity of political adventurers had reared upon the ruins of war. Wealth, intelligence and education were disfranchised. The social fabric, like a pyramid resting on its apex instead of its base, stood so long as it was supported by bayonets, and, when these were withdrawn, fell with a crash in blood and crime that startled the world with the horrors of its destruction. The North, shocked and appalled by wrongs and outrages which laws were unable either to prevent or to punish, and exasperated by the bewildering failure of the policy of reconstruction either to protect the negro in his rights or to perpetuate his political power, saw with resentment State after State falling into Democratic control under the supremacy of the civil and military leaders of the Confederacy. Of the eleven seceding States, all save three—Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana—were lost to the Republicans. These the Democrats hoped to carry for Tilden; or, failing in this, so to corrupt the returns that their electoral votes could not be received and counted.

THE PRESIDENTIAL BATTLE OF 'SEVENTY-SIX

THE passions of the combatants were thus aroused to the pitch of frenzy. For the first time in sixteen years the Democrats felt the possibility of resuming national power. The Republicans inflamed the Northern States by presenting the dangers of the "Solid South," insisting that the purpose was to obtain payment for losses in the war, for the assumption of the Confederate debt, with compensation for the emancipated slaves.

These charges made such an impression and were urged with such persistent vehemence that Mr. Hewitt, of New York, in an open letter called them to the attention of Mr. Tilden, who said, in his published reply, that should he be elected President he should deem it his duty to veto every bill for the assumption or payment of any such debts, losses, damages or claims, which gave Republican orators precisely the opportunity they desired, and was like an effort to put out a fire by pouring on kerosene.

Neither of the Presidential candidates inspired any personal enthusiasm among his followers.

Hayes was hopelessly prosaic and commonplace. He had been a reputable soldier, and was by profession a lawyer. He was the "dark horse" of the Cincinnati Convention, rendered available because in a desperate emergency he had been chosen Governor of Ohio. He had no vices, and the customary sort of rather tiresome and uninteresting virtues. His enemies accused him of sanctimony and hypocrisy, and of sometimes forgetting his promises; but all good men have been slandered by their contemporaries.

Tilden was a cadaverous, tallow-faced attorney, in feeble health, who, having raked together an immense fortune, naturally became a reformer in politics and was elected Governor of New York. His methods were those of the mole, except that he left no external indications of the silent and tortuous windings of his subterranean pathway. He took personal management of his campaign with a few confidential clerks, and was accused of attempting to purchase the vote necessary to secure a majority of one in the Electoral College. The election took place November 7, and by midnight the general impression was that Tilden had been successful. He had carried Connecticut, New York, Indiana and all the Southern States except Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana, and in those the result was uncertain, though early reports favored the Democrats. The next day the Republicans, many of them, practically gave up the fight and conceded the election of Tilden. The Republicans had the State officers and the returning boards in the disputed States, but they were mysteriously silent. The fortunes of Hayes seemed gloomy, dark and desperate indeed.

Toward nightfall "Old Zack" Chandler, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent out through the Associated Press, with no preface, nor arithmetic, nor index, his celebrated dispatch: "Hayes and Wheeler have 185 votes, and are elected."

The Democrats went into hysterics, and the Republicans recovered their equanimity.

What actually occurred in Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina the day of the election, and afterward, and who really received a majority of the votes cast will never be known, but the Hayes electors were certified by the returning boards in due time, and the certificates forwarded to the President of the Senate. Duplicate certificates from each State were also sent in, showing the choice of Democratic electors and their votes for Tilden and Hendricks.

GRANT PREPARES FOR EMERGENCIES

THE interval till the meeting of Congress in December was full of apprehension. The Democrats were violent in their denunciations, and threatened to have an army of occupation in Washington to superintend the counting of the electoral votes in February.

Grant was President. When asked if he thought there would be any trouble, he replied: "No, I think not; but it has been one rule of my life to be always ready." Troops began to gather in the forts along the Potomac. Batteries of artillery came in from the West by rail and rumbled through the streets at night on their way to the Arsenal and the Navy Yard. Groups of soldiers in bright new uniforms, but without arms, strolled to and fro on the Avenue—whether on duty or on furlough no one appeared to know. Possibly Grant was getting ready to have his successor, Hayes or Tilden, peaceably inaugurated and installed.

Recognizing the extreme gravity of the crisis, the brevity of the time, the infirmity of the Constitution, and the tremendous dangers that threatened the peace, and possibly the existence, of the nation, soon after Congress assembled a joint committee consisting of seven members from each House was appointed to prepare a bill to provide for and regulate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising thereunder, for the term beginning March 4, 1877.

The Senate was Republican, and appointed Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Morton, Conkling, Thurman, Bayard and Ransom.

The House was Democratic, and appointed Payne, of Ohio; Hunton, of Virginia; Hewitt, of New York; Springer, of Illinois; McCrary, of Iowa; Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Willard, of Michigan: in the aggregate, seven Republicans and seven Democrats.

They brought to their delicate and difficult task

— Bassett marched . . . at the head of the procession

exalted patriotism, matured experience, and the highest intellectual powers. Edmunds, in his opening speech, said the dispute with which they were to deal was probably as great as ever existed in the world under the law. This statement was not sensational. Wars have been waged, kings beheaded and dynasties overthrown in controversies far less momentous and complicated than that which now confronted the American people. The legal questions involved were novel. There were no precedents. A contingency had risen for the first time in the history of the nation, and is liable to rise again, for which the Constitution and the laws were, and still are, inadequate.

But, untried and intricate as was the legal problem, this was trifling compared with the political predicament.

THE PUZZLING PROBLEMS OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE

THE committee was not only to devise an unconstitutional measure that should be strictly within constitutional limitations (which would not be hard, for that instrument is elastic and hospitable), but to invent a tribunal composed of partisans that should be non-partisan in operation; propitiate the implacables; preserve the prerogatives of the Senate, and maintain the conflicting pretensions of the House; secure the coöperation of those who contended that there was power to "go behind the returns," and those who asserted that the only question to be decided was which certificate was actually given by the authorities of the State; and, most important of all, obtain the cordial support of both parties by holding out to each the hope of cheating the other.

The committee deliberated a month, and on January 18 Senator Edmunds reported what is popularly known as the Electoral Commission Bill, Senator Morton being the only dissenter. As a specimen of political funambulism it will take rank among the highest achievements of the human mind.

It provided, in substance, for the meeting of the two Houses and the course of procedure; for the disposition of questions arising in respect to States from which but one set of certificates had been received; for the reference of questions arising in respect to States from which more than one certificate had been received, to a Commission consisting of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the Supreme Court, the decision of a majority to be final, unless rejected by concurrent votes of both Houses, in which event their order should prevail; and for the reservation of all legal and constitutional rights, if any, to test the question of title in the courts.

Four of the Supreme Court Justices were designated in the bill—those assigned to the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth Circuits; they to select the fifth in such manner as they might decide.

Edmunds, in commenting on this clause, declared with some grandiloquence that the choice of the four Justices was geographical—one from New England, one from New York, one from the Northwest and one from the Pacific.

Morton sneeringly replied that they were selected on account of their known previous political predilections, and that the reason why the Democrats favored the bill was because they expected it would elect Tilden.

Curiously enough, it did turn out that two of the Justices, Clifford and Field, were Democrats, and two, Miller and Strong, Republicans, but probably Edmunds was not aware of this. At least he did not mention it in his speech. So far, then, the Commission was equally divided in politics—seven Republicans, seven Democrats, with the fifteenth member in abeyance: the unknown arbiter, the domesman of the Electoral College.

The Justices, being two and two, could not well ballot, and were too dignified to pull straws. It became to be understood that seniority of service would control, and their choice would fall on Justice David Davis, who was known to favor Tilden, so this non-partisan Commission would consist of eight Democrats and seven Republicans. The joy of the Democracy was unconfined. They considered the bill the supreme effort of human wisdom, for whose praise every place was a temple and all seasons summer.

A STRANGE CAPRICE OF FORTUNE

THE Republicans said little. They were taciturn and reserved. What they thought was never disclosed. But what happened was this: The term of General John A. Logan as Senator from Illinois was about to expire. He was an active candidate for reëlection. The Legislature was so nearly a tie between the Republicans and Democrats that five "Independents" held the balance of power. They supported Judge Davis, and, after several days of futile and barren balloting, the Democrats united with them and elected him as Logan's successor. Whereupon the Judge resigned from the Supreme Bench to take his seat in the Senate March 4, 1877.

The next ranking Justice was Joseph P. Bradley, a Republican, and favorable to the election of Hayes! Thus, by an incredible caprice of fortune, a gamester's chance, Fate, shuffling the cards, dealt the last trump to the Republicans, and the Commission stood eight to seven for Hayes.

Like the gentleman in Bret Harte's poem who was struck in the abdomen by a red-sandstone specimen and doubled up on the floor, the subsequent proceedings interested the Democrats no more. They denounced the bill as the climax of villainy, and its authors as the supreme malefactors of history. Perhaps their emotions were best described by Judge Jeremiah Black, one of the counsel in the South Carolina case, who said in a speech to the Commission, apropos of nothing: "This nation has got her great big foot in a trap. It is vain to struggle for her extrication. . . . .

"Usually it is said 'in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird,' but this fowler set the net in the sight of the birds that went into it. It is largely our own fault that we were caught. . . . At present you have us down and under your feet. Never had you a better right to rejoice. Well may you say, 'We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement!'"

The bill passed the Senate 47 to 17 and the House 191 to 86, exactly as it came from the committee. It was approved by President Grant January 29, with a special message in which he characterized the measure as one that afforded "wise and constitutional means of escape from imminent peril to the institutions of the country."

January 30 the Senate chose Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman and Bayard, and the House Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Hoar and Garfield as the Congressional members of the Commission. The same day the four Associate Justices of the Supreme Court selected Justice Bradley as the fifth member, and the tribunal was complete.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION

THEY assembled January 31, eleven A. M., in the Supreme Court room at the Capitol, organized, appointed their staff, adopted rules and, shortly before noon, February 1, notified the Senate and House that they were ready to proceed to the performance of their duties.

The President *pro tempore* appointed Mr. Allison, of Iowa, and Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, tellers on the part of the Senate; and Speaker Randall appointed Mr. Cook, of Georgia, and Mr. Stone, of Missouri, tellers on the part of the House.

On motion of Mr. Edmunds, at one o'clock the Senate huddled in careless, disorderly array out of its chamber and marched by twos in straggling procession through the rotunda, between ranks of curious and silent spectators, halting for an instant at the door of the Hall of Representatives.

At the head of the column was the President *pro tem.*, escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by the venerable assistant doorkeeper, Isaac Bassett, carrying the electoral certificates in two square black-walnut boxes, with brass handles on the covers, like a commercial traveler with his sample-cases going into the office of the leading hotel. One box contained the certificates sent by messenger, the other those sent by mail; about half a bushel of each.

The House arose to receive the Senate, which took seats in the body of the Hall upon the right of the presiding officer. The Speaker vacated the chair, which was taken by President Ferry. Randall, imperturbable and impassive, sat at his left. The Secretary of the Senate, the Clerk of the House and the Tellers sat at the clerk's desk, the stenographers and other officials having tables in front and on either side of the platform. The galleries were packed. The silence was profound—an expectant hush, as when the curtain rises for the prologue at the first presentation of a great drama.

THE CURTAIN RISES ON A GREAT DRAMA

THE President of the Senate called the joint meeting to order, announced its object and, with a new, sharp, long knife the Sergeant-at-Arms had provided, proceeded to slit the envelope containing the certificate of the State of Alabama received by messenger, which he handed to Senator Allison, who read it in full, giving ten votes to Tilden and Hendricks. Then he opened the envelope received by mail from the same State and handed it down to be read, when Senator Conkling somewhat impatiently suggested that it could hardly be necessary to read the duplicate in full, and that hereafter as one was read the other should be compared.

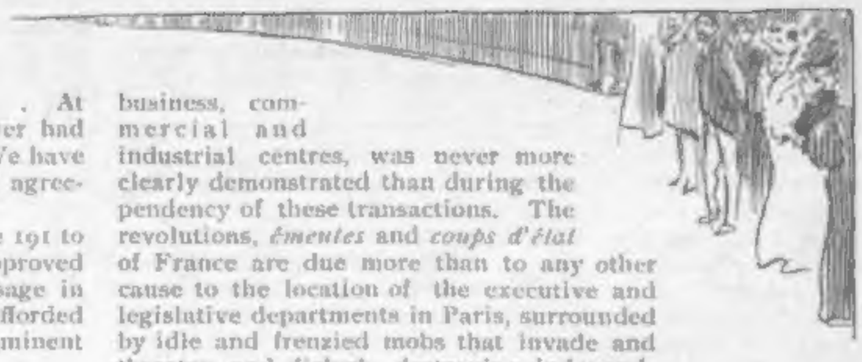
The certificates were opened in alphabetical order, Alabama being followed by Arkansas, California, Colorado and Delaware, to none of which were objections made, and the reading droned monotonously along till half-past two when Florida was reached, the first of the disputed States from which triplicate returns had been received: one from the Republican Governor and Secretary of State certifying the choice of the Hayes electors; the second from the Attorney-General certifying that the returns showed the election of the Tilden electors; the third by the Democratic Governor and Secretary of State chosen at the general election, certifying to proceedings under an act of the Legislature and the judgment of a State court in favor of the Tilden electors. An objection was also filed that one of the Hayes electors at the time of his appointment held an office of trust and profit under the United States and was therefore ineligible.

All the papers, exhibits and certificates, with the objections signed by Senators and Representatives, were immediately transmitted to the Commission, which was in session, and the Senate withdrew to its chamber to wait for the decision, which was not reached till late in the evening of February 9.

The sessions of the Commission were held in the vaulted hall which the Senate left for its new chamber January 4, 1859: the historic room where Webster hurled the thunderbolts of his logic and eloquence at Hayne, and which resounded to the oratorical duels between Calhoun and Clay.

In one of the upper corridors hangs a painting by Mrs. Fassett, perhaps of greater historic interest than artistic value, representing Mr. Evarts addressing the tribunal before an audience that fills the room. The portraits include many of the most eminent personages, at the bar and in public life, of an epoch made illustrious by their achievements in oratory and statesmanship.

The wisdom of having a strictly political Capital, absolutely under the control of the Government, away from



business, commercial and industrial centres, was never more clearly demonstrated than during the pendency of these transactions. The revolutions, *émeutes* and *coups d'état* of France are due more than to any other cause to the location of the executive and legislative departments in Paris, surrounded by idle and frenzied mobs that invade and threaten and disturb, destroying independence and rendering tranquil deliberation and dispassionate judgment impossible.

THE DARK DAYS OF OUR NATIONAL PERIL

HAD Congress and the Commission sat in Baltimore or New York, that month of national jeopardy, among raging multitudes of infuriated partisans with their parades and mass-meetings and the demonstrations of demagogues, no prophet could have foretold what the end would be.

Even in Washington, so somnolent and obsequious, where public opinion is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand, it looked squally enough at times, especially toward the close. Probably Watterson's call for a hundred thousand "one-armed Kentuckians," as the wags travestied it, to superintend the electoral count, was the rhapsody of an automatic rhetorician, but the town swarmed with disreputable and unbidden guests who haunted the Capitol, lounged in the lobbies, sauntered through the grounds, and crowded the galleries of the House at every joint session. The police were reënforced. Detectives in plain clothes, and heavily armed, were stationed among the spectators. A vague terror brooded in the air—the apprehension of an impending tragedy.

As an illustration, rather amusing now, of the trepidations of the time, word came to Ferry one morning, either by anonymous letter or through the report of a detective, that as the Senate passed through the rotunda at noon on its way to the House a gang of ruffians were to assault the head of the consecrated column and in the confusion take the boxes containing the certificates from Captain Bassett, carry them off and destroy the returns not counted. It seemed feasible enough, and, if successful, would have prematurely closed the functions of the Commission and given the House the opportunity, coveted by the implacables, of electing Tilden President, voting by States as the Constitution provides when there is no choice by the electors.

The hour of meeting was near at hand. The time for deliberation was short. Ferry, who was naturally somewhat of an alarmist, held a hurried consultation with his staff, and it was finally decided to empty the boxes secretly and take the returns over as personal assets. To Bassett this seemed little short of sacrilege, like rifling the ark of the covenant. It was contrary to the precedents of half a century. But Ferry decided that it was an emergency and, as what is past help should be past grief, the boxes were unlocked and the returns stowed away in the breast pockets and side pockets and coat-tail pockets of the tellers and other officials, and Bassett marched with his empty packing-cases at the head of the procession.

Of course nothing happened. There was no assault. I imagine none was contemplated. Some joker, no doubt, played on Ferry's credulity. The boxes were placed under the clerk's desk in the House, the returns collected from their extemporaneous receptacles and returned to proper custody, and the incident was closed.

THE ARRAY OF DISTINGUISHED LEGAL TALENT

THE array of counsel has not in any forum been surpassed in learning and eloquence. Prominent among them were Jeremiah T. Black, Secretary of State and Attorney-General under Buchanan; Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's Postmaster-General; Matthew Carpenter, previously and afterward Senator from Wisconsin; William M. Evarts, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Andrew Johnson, and afterward Secretary of State under Hayes; George Hoadley, at one time Governor of Ohio; Stanley Matthews, Senator from Ohio and Justice of the Supreme Court; Charles O'Conor, perhaps the leader of the New York bar; Samuel Shellabarger, member of Congress from Ohio during the war; Lyman Trumbull, eighteen years Senator from Illinois; and William C. Whitney, afterward Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy. Others scarcely less eminent pleaded briefs, and several Senators and members of Congress participated in the arguments.

THE ISSUE BETWEEN REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

STRIPPED of all superfluities, subtleties and technicalities, the Republican contention was that the returns of the electoral votes, duly certified by the State authorities, were final and conclusive, and that neither Congress nor the Commission could receive evidence from any outside source, either that the electors were not chosen, or that others were, or that there had been fraud, forgery, violence or other irregularities, either in the election, the canvassing board or any proceedings subsequent thereto.

The Democrats insisted upon the right to go behind the returns, and prove that the Tilden, and not the Hayes, electors were chosen by the people and that the certificates were forged and fraudulent.

Whether Tilden or Hayes had the majority in Florida, Louisiana or South Carolina is not capable of proof. It is doubtful if there has been an absolutely square and honest Presidential election since the time of George Washington.

It is not likely there ever will be. There will always be buying and selling and juggling and cheating, not sufficient in all cases, it may be, to change the result. Clay's supporters always believed he was defeated by frauds in Louisiana in 1844. So, although the Electoral Commission was packed for Hayes, by destiny, and the result was as well known when they took the oath of office as when they adjourned *sine die*, yet the doctrine was sound.

After the first test vote, I remember Morton came hobbling into the chamber on his canes and took his seat, which was just behind mine. I asked him how the Commission stood. "Oh," he replied with a grimace of savage satisfaction, "eight to seven, of course. That settles it!"

THE FINAL COUNT BY STATES

THOUGH the Commission voted "eight to seven" in favor of the Hayes electors from Florida at its evening session, Friday, February 9, it was not till the joint meeting of Monday, the twelfth, that the vote of the State was counted, after which the returns from Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas and Kentucky were opened without objection. The certificate from Louisiana was challenged, and the duplicates, with the objections from both sides, were read and presented at five o'clock P. M. to the Commission by Mr. Gorham, the Secretary of the Senate. They were counted eight days later, February 20, with Maine, Maryland and Massachusetts. Objection was filed to one of the electors of Michigan the same day, but not sustained by either House, and that State was counted with Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri and Nebraska. An objection to the eligibility of one of the electors from Nevada was overruled by both Houses, and the next day, February 21, the full vote of Nevada was polled, followed by New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina and Ohio. When the certificate from Oregon was opened, objections were presented to the eligibility of one of the electors, and the papers were sent to the Commission which heard arguments till February 24, when, the decision being in favor of the Hayes electors, the full vote of the State was counted for Hayes. Thereupon objections were immediately made to a Pennsylvania elector and both Houses adjourned over till Monday, February 26. At this time Senator Thurman resigned from the Commission on account of ill health and Senator Kernan, of New York, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Monday afternoon Pennsylvania was counted and an objection then filed to a Rhode Island elector, which was so transparently frivolous that it was rejected in both Houses, whereupon the Democrats filibustered from 3:30 till six, when Rhode Island was put in the Hayes list. This brought the poll to South Carolina, which was a storm centre, and the duplicate returns and other papers at 6:30 P. M. went to the Commission, which then adjourned till the next day at ten. There were now but five days till the end of Grant's term.

South Carolina was counted the evening of February 28, followed by Tennessee and Texas, and, on objection to the eligibility of an elector from Vermont, both Houses took a recess till ten A. M. Thursday, March 1.

THE FINAL MEETING OF THE COMMISSION

AS THE end drew nearer the mutineers in the House of Representatives became rabid with rage. They defied the efforts of the presiding officer to preserve order. They interposed dilatory motions and became violent in their efforts to delay the final count beyond the fourth of March.

Thursday, March 1, was spent from ten in the morning till nearly midnight by the House in a parliamentary wrangle over an objection to the eligibility of the elector from Vermont, which the Senate had overruled the night before.

The joint meeting resumed its sessions at eleven o'clock at night and the vote of Vermont was counted, followed by Virginia and West Virginia, which were not disputed. This left only Wisconsin, and it was supposed the dreary, wretched conflict was ended; but as soon as the certificate was opened an objection was presented. The Senate returned to its chamber and instantly decided that the vote should be counted, and waited three hours for the House to decide that it should not.

At four o'clock, Friday morning, March 2, the Senate shambled over to the House. The vote of Wisconsin was announced; the count of the thirty-eight States was concluded. Teller Allison read the tally sheet and handed it up to Senator Ferry, who said:

"In announcing the final result of the electoral vote, the chair trusts that all present, whether on the floor or in the galleries, will refrain from all demonstrations whatever; that nothing shall transpire on this occasion to mar the dignity and moderation which have characterized these proceedings, in the main so reputable to the American people and worthy of the respect of the world." He then read the state of the vote and declared Hayes and Wheeler elected President and Vice-President for four years from March 4, 1877.

The finale of the drama was neither dignified, impressive nor inspiring. The light from the paneled ceiling fell through an atmosphere dim and murky with dust and smoke. The actors and the spectators were drowsy, frowsy and disheveled. The hall was in squalid confusion and disorder, foul with the débris of a protracted session.

That no incongruity might be wanting, some enthusiast had sent Ferry, for signing the final transcript, the tail feather of an eagle from Lake Superior. This he had made into a quill pen whose plume reached his shoulder as he was affixing his signature to the scroll.

At ten minutes past four the gavel fell, the lights were turned out and the curtain went down. There was but one day till the end of Grant's term!

The gray light of a bleak and bitter dawn was just visible on the great dome as I rode homeward through the silent and deserted streets of the sleeping city.

The Devil and His Due

By Morgan Robertson

THANK you for coming," I said, as I arose from the rustic chair; "but I see there are two of you."

"Archie would come, Mr. Somers; he does not approve of his sister——"

"Archibald," I said sternly—I could not call him Archie, nor could I call His Satanic Majesty Satie—"I am out of cigars. Will you kindly take this dollar up to the office and get some? You know my brand."

"Cert," he responded gleefully. He had been grinning at me, leaning over the back of the chair I had vacated, and now he took the coin and vanished.

"Why did you give him all that money?" she asked. "You know how forgetful he is. You may not see it again."

"Careless and forgetful," I answered in assumed amazement. "Yes, Miss Bronson, I know; but I would give much more not to see *him* again."

He was a fat boy; more, he was a whistling boy. The combination is well known and need not be enlarged upon. At the hotel there were those who averred that he had no mind—no soul. Others declared that an imp of darkness filled the place of his soul; and in this I agreed.

"Please be seated," I began, taking his sister's hand and leading her to the chair. "You must know why I wanted to see you alone. I'm going away in a few days. I don't know when I'll see you again—as things are."

Perhaps I had startled her. Her face was white in the half-light, and she nervously withdrew her hand from mine.

"You must know," I went on while she slowly sank into the seat, "that under all our fun and nonsense I've been loving you more and more every day——"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a suppressed tone that sounded reproachful, if not angry; and she gripped both arms of the chair rigidly.

"You're not offended, Annie, are you?" I asked, leaning over her.

Her answer was a hysterical little scream. She bounded to her feet, sprang past my outstretched arms, and with a gasping "No; don't touch me!" sped into the shadows in the direction of the hotel. I followed, unable to comprehend, but stopped when I heard snickering laughter. This gave way to plaintive howls punctuated by smacks of an open hand, and I knew that Archibald was getting his ears boxed.

"For deserting her," I reasoned, rather painfully.

I struck off through the grounds to the river road, down to the sea, and there, with the roar of the surf in my ears, I spent the warm night in the frame of mind which comes to the jilted. At daylight, as I turned into the road on the way back, I noticed a medium-sized schooner yacht in the river with canvas furled, anchored over the shallows. I knew her—Hooper's Sunlight, back from a Gulf cruise; and fervently envying Hooper, I passed on.

Miss Bronson—not Annie, now; just plain Miss Bronson—was not at breakfast, but I came upon her suddenly in the passage on my way out of the dining-room. Her face became red as the ribbon at her throat, and her tremulous "Good-morning" was barely audible.

"Quite right," I thought, as I repeated the greeting in my iciest tones and strode on. "It is quite right and proper that she is embarrassed and ashamed of herself. My conscience is clear."

Helped by my clear conscience, and sleepy after my sleepless night, I dozed through the morning, waking in time for a late luncheon with less pain in my heart and head but with more of the iron in my soul. After the meal, while I was talking with Hooper on the veranda, Miss Bronson came out with her brother. She wore the combination of white and red that I had liked so well, and in her hair were flowers that I had given her the day before. She was pale, and the corners of her mouth twitched, and her blue eyes held a pathetic entreaty that would have brought me to her side asking "Why," had nothing happened. As it was, it hardened me the more.

"She naturally wears what becomes her," I mused. "That's her business in life; and I've seen that look on her face when she's lost at golf."

Her brother was approaching me; I knew that by the sound of his abominable whistle. And I knew by the cadence that there was something on his mind. He stepped between Hooper and myself—such was his habit—and faced me.

"Here's your cigar, Tom," he said, "and here's the change." He handed me the cigar—fresh from the box, as I could tell by the touch—and seventy-five cents in money. Then, with an expression of impeccable virtue on his fat face, and his lips pursed for whistling, he turned away.

"Archibald," I said solemnly, "you spent the dollar last evening, and have become honest under assistance and compulsion."

"Well, whatcha kickin' about?" he answered in the querulous tone of the aggrieved. "Got your money, didn'tcha? Got your cigar, didn't cha?"

"Archibald," I continued, "I forgive you. Allow me to make over to you this perfecto. It is a good cigar—easy to begin on—it will not make you sick. And this money, also—take it as a present. I shall undoubtedly kill you some day, for you will not reform. But we will start afresh. You have done me a service."

SHE HEARD IT ALL

She heard it all. The boy pocketed the gifts, marched down the veranda with the high step of a rooster on a wet day, drew his doubled fist over his shoulder as though to strike his sister as he passed her, and disappeared through the office door. Just within was a candy counter, and here his whistle stopped.

It is unwholesome to strike—no matter how deservedly—a creature you are fond of. There is a never-failing rebound which smites you harder than you have smitten. I watched furtively while she stared fixedly at some golfers in the distance, and saw the red spots grow in her cheeks. Then she turned and went slowly down the veranda after her brother, and, could I have framed an apology or unsaid my words, I would have followed; for, as surely as I knew her, I knew that she had audited the young man's accounts; and it was not a question of love or pique, but of common honesty.

But there was menace in those red cheeks which no mere words might soften—and, besides, Hooper was talking.

He was a big, jovial, sailorlike man of about fifty, with a wife as jolly as himself—and as small as he was big—whom he loved even more than he did his yacht. He had not noticed Miss Bronson; no man could do that and go on talking of yachts and yachting, tide-rips and a foul hawse, a lubberly crew who lost an anchor, and a tiresome lot of guests who became seasick and asked wearying questions.

"And they've all gone this morning," he said, "and the skipper has fired all but three of the men. They're up here after the new anchor, and we'll go down in the gig with the new men he's shipped. Want to get them into uniform as soon as possible. Others can float the anchor down on a scow, and take your trunk, too. I want a congenial crowd for once. I'll get Gamble, if he'll come, and over at Newport we'll find more of the boys. Then we'll take in the Cup races. What do you say?"

I had still a week to spare, and accepted his invitation. Though I had doubts about Gamble and myself being congenial company, I did not advance the objection, for I knew that Hooper liked him, and I was anxious for any company that would relieve me of my own. Gamble and I had not quarreled; we had merely competed for the favor of the first young woman at the hotel—a practical-minded miss with good looks and a plaintiveness of speech and expression that brought men to her feet.

Though Miss Runyon had regarded the affair no more seriously than it had appeared to me, there was silent reproach in the tilt of her nose—troubling to my conscience—when later I transferred my homage to Miss Bronson. Gamble had hated me from the first. Afterward he again became my rival, until Miss Bronson kindly suppressed him.

So, while Hooper attended to his anchor, I donned my yachting suit, packed my trunk, directed that it be placed aboard the scow, and paid my bill, conscious, as I talked with the clerk, that Miss Bronson and her invalid mother passed behind me. I turned by impulse and lifted my cap. But my silent greeting was either not seen or ignored, and with a sharper edge to my humiliation I left the hotel, killed time for a while, and reached the landing at two-thirty, the time set by Hooper.

Hooper was on the dock yelling at me to hurry. I noticed that, though the scow at the dock held five trunks and a group of men, there was no anchor.

"Anchor hasn't come yet," said Hooper, "but we'll go down now. No one aboard but the cook and steward; climb in quick."

As I followed him down the incline to the gig I heard a familiar whistling. There in the bow sat Archibald; at the oars were four as villainous-looking dock-rats as ever robbed a tipsy sailor; in the stern-sheets was Mrs. Hooper, smiling as ever, and beside her Miss Runyon, Miss Bronson and Gamble, the latter looking uncomfortably moist and embarrassed, as though he also had hurried. The mills of the gods had caught us both.

There was no retreat possible now, and bound not to look like Gamble, and heartened by the sight of the two young ladies—armed neutrals, as I knew—laughing and chatting together, I swallowed the lump in my throat, saluted them smilingly, and sat down facing Gamble, grateful that Mrs. Hooper was a voluble talker.

"Yes," she began, after the conventional preliminaries, "Hooper thought he'd bring a lot of men aboard—stag party, he called it—but I thought different. I want some women, and I'm bound to have them. If he gets more men at Newport, I'll find more women. I can chaperon a whole seminary; and by the way, Mr. Somers, did you know that Miss Bronson is my niece? No? Never told you? She told me all about you."

Miss Bronson flushed at this and Miss Runyon fidgeted visibly. "And Nellie, here," she continued, "I've known since she was a baby—knew her mother at school thirty years ago—oh, I'm not ashamed of my age—and I received the nicest kind of a letter at New Orleans from——"

"Mrs. Hooper," interrupted Miss Runyon.

"Shove off," commanded Hooper, who had taken the yoke ropes; and then, as the dock-rats awkwardly pushed the boat clear of the dock: "You men want boat drill first thing; you'll get it, too."

The men scowled, shipped their oars, and began to pull, each in his turn. It was plain that they were not sailors. Gamble and I pretended to be interested in Hooper's harsh comments on their work, and the innocent Mrs. Hooper went on:

"You needn't protest, Nellie," she said with a motherly smile; "you did write. That is why I asked you aboard when Hooper said he was coming. Oh, I've been young myself."

"I assure you," I said, in a generous effort to relieve the pressure, "that I am exceedingly complimented if Miss Runyon spoke of me."

"I did not speak of you," snapped Miss Runyon.

"Not you, Mr. Somers," said Mrs. Hooper, beaming my way. "Some one else."

"Oh—I beg pardon, Miss Runyon."

Then I felt the hot tingling creep up my cheeks to the hair roots, and saw Gamble's mouth open in sheer amazement.

If Hooper would only have interrupted at the right moment it might not have gone further; he looked as though about to speak, but the boy in the bow got ahead of him.

"Oh, come off," he said in his disagreeable falsetto; "they're back numbers, Mrs. Hooper—both got it in the neck. Nell's dead sore on Gamble, and don't speak to Tom

DRAWN BY H. C. EDMONDS

—HOW HE MANAGED TO FLOAT THE LIFE BUOY DIRECTLY WITHIN REACH I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND

in public; and sis swears if I mention Tom's name again she'll choke me, and she soured on Gamble——"

"Archie!" exclaimed Miss Bronson in agonized tones, and with face aflame.

"Oh, well, you meant it," said the boy, "'cause he gimme your boodle."

"Miss Bronson," I said, with the calmness of desperation, "if you will permit me I will kill him now. You know I have doomed him. It is inevitable, and I am willing to hang. I can hold his head under the surface and he will suffer no pain. Drowning is an easy death."

"I beg you will not joke, Mr. Somers. It is not the time for it. Perhaps Mr. Hooper will turn back and land us."

"Not now, Miss Bronson," he answered; "not until I see how the yacht is. Only two men aboard;" and silence settled down on us. Miss Runyon sat up very straight. Miss Bronson sat straighter, and looked at the distance. Mrs. Hooper scanned our faces with motherly concern; Hooper growled at the men; the idiot in the bow whistled cheerfully, and Gamble and I exchanged furtive glances until our right hands involuntarily extended and met; then we gripped tightly in the fullness of fraternity and fellow-feeling.

And so we went down the river. Archibald essayed to amuse us with comments on the situation until sternly ordered by Hooper to "Dry up, or go overboard." Then he subsided. Hooper was palpably as angry at his wife as was possible with him, but he vented it on the greenhorns at the oars, becoming almost profane in his criticism. It was a warm afternoon, and they made hard work of the pulling. I was undoubtedly the happiest person in the boat, for I had drawn secret comfort from Miss Bronson's embarrassment. But my happiness was dashed at the side-ladder when, instead of taking my politely extended right hand as an aid in stepping out of the boat, she calmly and coldly ignored it, taking instead her handbag—which I had lifted as I arose—and ascending the ladder alone. Gamble was wiser, and Miss Nellie's disdainful face warned me not to repeat the courtesy.

Followed by Gamble, I took my diminished self to the forward cabin—devoted to men—while Mrs. Hooper mustered her charges into the sacred after cabin—where no man may enter—and Hooper drove his recruits to the forecastle to deal out their uniforms, and, I suspect, to ease his mind, for we heard strong language filtering through the intervening galley. Archibald had begun a tour of inspection on deck, his surprised comments and questions to himself as he came upon the different deck-fittings coming to our ears through the skylight. These sounds, drifting forward, ended in a yelp and whinny of pain, and Gamble and I, who had spoken not a word, smiled approvingly and helped ourselves anew to the refreshments which Hooper's well-trained steward had provided. Then Hooper's heavy step sounded above and he came down the companion.

"Steward, give me a high ball quick," he called. "Great smoke, boys, what a job; but I've a skipper who'll make sailors of them. Say," he said to us as he sat down, "Mrs. Hooper's made a mess of things for once, evidently. I'm sorry for this mix, boys, but I'll take 'em ashore when the men come down. Caught that boy unlocking the windlass. Thinks it's an engine—to make her go."

"No, no, Hooper," I said; "Mrs. Hooper invited them, and of course they didn't expect to see us. The boy described us correctly—back numbers. Let them stay aboard and enjoy the trip. Gamble and I will escape."

"Boys, I can't do that," he answered in some embarrassment; but Gamble joined me, and we argued him down.

"Well, we'll wait for developments in the after cabin," he finally said. "Perhaps Mrs. Hooper can straighten this out. Meanwhile, suppose we get into the gig with our new men and go over to the beach for a swim until the others come down; then we'll know who goes ashore."

We gladly agreed. Archibald would have accompanied us, even in the face of my warm invitation—delivered from the stern-sheets of the boat as he stood at the rail—to "come along and be drowned," and the ostentatious display of a hangman's noose which Gamble tied in the end of the yoke rope. But Hooper, the last to enter the boat, shook his finger impressively in Archibald's face, and admonished him to take good care of the yacht and the ladies; he was to be Captain until Captain Moore returned in the scow. If pirates attacked the yacht he was to fight them off, and if any escaped he was to pursue them. If the cook and steward mutinied he was to hang them at the end of the main boom. All of which Archibald listened to, open-eyed and open-mouthed.

It was a long, hard pull for those undisciplined dock-rats, sweltering in their blue uniforms under the hot sun, and before we had left the river they were frankly mutinous. Then came a mile of choppy water—a deep but narrow bay to the right of the river, on the opposite side of which was the sandy beach, and in this choppy water the men caught crabs, splashed us, and so exasperated Hooper that he declared his intention of paying them off that evening. This was certainly unwise; for no sooner were we undressed and out to a good swimming depth than they bundled out clothing, to the last wilted collar, into the boat, launched it with snarls and curses, and with two pulling and two standing erect threatening our heads with the oars, passed by us, heading back to the river. Hooper had caught the gunwale, but a clubbed oar caused him to let go, and we swam in.

"Come on," gasped Hooper, purple with rage, "around the beach. The women—cook and steward are no good—those devils may have guns."

We started for the yacht around that four-mile horseshoe of alternating sand and pebbles, though I wondered as I ran what we should do when we got there.

Hooper was an athlete, and in spite of his age and size easily distanced us. He stopped once, pointed at the boat disappearing behind the point, and then at a blackening of the sky inland from which forked lightning was shooting, sang out hoarsely to "Hurry up," and sped on. We understood; the yacht was riding to a small anchor, and was in danger from the elements, if not from the thieves. Gamble and myself were evenly matched, and panted and puffed in company, and in spite of our sore feet, bruised and cut by the stones, broke all our previous records; but before we had reached the neck of woods bordering the river road Hooper was long out of sight, and the squall had come, pelting us with warm, horizontal rain. "Good," grunted Gamble; "it'll keep the women below decks." I but partly concurred. The wind was down the river, and if the anchor dragged, it would drag down hill. We crossed the river road at an angle, luckily meeting no one, struck into the bushes, and reached the bank abreast of where the yacht should be—but was not. She was below us, drifting broadside to, and we had arrived just in time to see, through the thick smudge of rain, Hooper clambering up the bobstays. There was no one on deck, and sick with fear of what might have happened, I yelled, "Come on," and we raced down the bank.

As we caught up to the yacht we noticed empty hawse-pipes, and knew that the chain had either parted at the windlass or been shipped. A glance seaward showed us the gig with the four men pulling hard to reach the shore at the left of the river mouth, but unavailingly in the fierce wind. They were blowing to sea. A quarter-mile below the yacht we dived in, swam frantically, and barely caught the bobstays as she came down. Resting a moment—for we were exhausted—we climbed up, paused at the rail until sure of an empty deck, tumbled inboard and shot down the forecastle hatch, where we found Hooper and the boy. Hooper was still purple-faced, and the boy's fat countenance showed signs of recent mental agitation.

"What's happened," I gasped, as I sank upon a locker.

"Women are all right," he answered. "Locked themselves in the after cabin. Forecastle's gutted—skipper's room's gutted—steward and cook are robbed—forward cabin's cleaned out—everything portable—every rag, bag and blanket—taken into that gig and being blown to sea and we after them. And this boy—this bright, brave, charming, lovable boy—hid with the women-folks, and then slipped the chain to make the boat go after the pirates." With his hands upon his knees he glowered at the youth and leaned toward him, and Archibald shrunk away. One ear was larger than the other, and very red; but it was not a blush. I think that Hooper had laid violent hands upon him.

"Well, how'd I know your old boat wouldn't go?" he piped. "You told me I was Captain. You told me that thing upstairs made her go. You told me to chase pirates—and they're pirates, ain't they?"

"If it wasn't for your people I'd throw you overboard," said Hooper.

"But the cook and steward," I asked. "What have they been doing?"

"Ashore in the dingey—gone up to a farmhouse after milk and butter. Boys, we've got to get sail on the yacht and tack back and forth until this blows out."

"Will you keep the ladies locked up?" asked Gamble in an agitated tone.

"Of course. But say, let's draw on them for a dress, a skirt, a nightgown—any old thing. I'll see what they've got."

He went aft by way of the galley to consult through locked doors; and Gamble and myself, six-footers and broad in proportion, mutely scanned each other's dimensions.

"We might turn a dress around," stuttered Gamble, "and put another on over it."

"Of course," I answered scornfully; "and put four shirt-waists on, two in front and two behind and sew up the sides. With time enough for that we could make shirts and trousers."

Gamble subsided helplessly, and soon Hooper appeared.

"Here," he said as he unloaded an armful. "Here are three mackintoshes—no sleeves, just armholes and a cape. Get into 'em, quick."

We tried them on. At each waist-line and below they would button across, but above was a white triangle of uncovered masculinity.

"Won't do," I groaned wildly. "Go get something else."

"Turn 'em upside down!" cried Hooper excitedly, for the sounds above were ominous. "Stick your legs through the armholes. We'll sew them on. Where's there a knife? Archibald, give me your knife."

With the boy's knife he cut and slashed and again we tried. It was a tight squeeze, but when buttoned up and laced around our necks with a length of spun yarn and bound in the middle by a "soul-and-body" lashing of the same, the garments screened us from all but the harshest criticism. Then, when Hooper had impressively cautioned Archibald to keep the knife—the only one aboard—in his pocket—the only pocket aboard—ready for use at any time, we went on deck.

The shore was hidden. Darkness was closing down, and nothing but a circular patch of angry water of which the yacht was the centre could now be seen. Sea and sky were merged, and above was a hollow hemisphere of gray, of no great dimensions, from one side of which came a driving pressure of wind and a furious bombardment of rain and spindrift. In our ears was the humming, roaring, singing sound of the wind in the rigging. The yacht was heeled—starboard side to the blast—and, short as had been the time for it, vicious waves were already pounding her. We were clear of the river, and at sea. Gamble and I were yachtsmen, and knew the ropes. Under Hooper's directions we loosed the staysail, jib and mainsail, putting a double reef in the latter, and with Archibald holding slack, we hoisted the canvas and trimmed sheets to port. Then Hooper lighted the binnacle, and as he took the wheel shouted in our ears:

"Wind's a little west of north—we're about five miles east of Watch Hill light—we'll make hourly tacks parallel with the shore—variation's about ten degrees westerly here, and it'll be due west sou'west on one tack, east nor'east on the other—allowing for two points leeway, due west and nor'-east. Go down and tell the women we're all right, and to fix up some sandwiches."

"No," I yelled; "I'll send Archibald."

But Archibald had already descended, and Gamble also refused to go.

"You're married, Hooper," he vociferated. "Go down yourself."

So Hooper went down the companionway while I steered, and when he came up the boy came with him—howling.

"Now, young man," bawled Hooper, with his hand on his collar, "you're to stay on deck here and do as you're told. You're to get wet to the skin, and possibly catch your death and die; but until you die you're to stay around where we can get that knife—understand? Keep that knife handy."

"I won't," he screamed. "It's my knife. I'll tell my father."

He wriggled unavailingly while the knife was being twisted from his pocket; and when Hooper had shaken him vigorously and sat him down hard on the slanting deck he wept convulsively and called us all kinds of bad names. It was really comforting to hear him weep, to such a point had his porcine offensiveness brought us. Hooper placed the knife on the skylight, and coming close to us said: "Port side, on the lower sash; we'll know where it is now, if we want it."

Sandwiches and coffee were passed into the forecastle and we supped hungrily; then, as we sailed on, we looked for Watch Hill light; but no light as much as a mile away could be seen through that thick smudge. At the end of an hour we put about, steering back on the magnetic course—north-east. In another hour came a lull, and a partial clearing of the blinding rain, but we saw no lights, and again tacked ship and headed west. But no sooner were sheets trimmed down than from the blackness on the weather quarter came a whistling blast that nearly whipped the masts out, and I, at the wheel, barely succeeded in bringing the yacht—lee rail buried, and trembling like a frightened animal—up to the wind. Then the companion doors burst open, and three figures appeared and clung to the binnacle, the reflection from which illumined me like a vision; and I shivered, but not from the cold; it was a warm night.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Hooper. "Where's Hooper?" Hooper just then appeared and glanced at the compass. "Hooper, I will not stay down there to drown like a rat. No matter what you've got on."

"All right, Mollie; stay up. Take the wheel, if you like. Keep her shaking. We've got to reef down. Only a shift of wind; but I don't like it. Girls, better go below."

But they would not; they clung to the binnacle and stared wildly at me; so Hooper passed a few turns of rope about them and went forward to slack the halyards, while Mrs. Hooper—a competent helmswoman—relieved me at the wheel, and Gamble, hiding his face, sneaked out of the darkness, to join me at the main sheet in that harrowing illumination from the binnacle. Then Hooper came aft to help, and a rippling duet of hysterical laughter sounded over the gale and the lady at the wheel joined in, while we three unfortunates tugged at the sheet and listened and suffered.

While we were thus engaged I saw dimly in the darkness the fat figure of Archibald hovering over the skylight, but in the excitement forgot his affection for his knife and did not speak of it. The reefing done, and the sail hoisted, Hooper induced the ladies to go down, and I again took the wheel, noticing that the yacht, which had been heading northwest by the compass when we began reefing, now headed about west, her original course—though still close-hauled. Mrs. Hooper had kept her by the wind, as directed.

"Wind's hauled back again," said Hooper when I called his attention to it. "It's a bad sign—means worse weather. We'll make a two-hour stretch this time. I want to pick up Watch Hill light and know where I am."

But the wind, which had now become a furious gale, veered steadily until it again blew from the weather quarter; so we slackened sheets and sailed faster, while a heaving sea made steering difficult. This sea puzzled Hooper, an expert in such matters. "It's as though it came in from the broad Atlantic," he said, "and we're on a weather shore. Ought to have fairly smooth water."

Before I could reply there came a shock and a crash, and violent vibration of the hull; then the two topmasts fell to leeward—snapped short at the caps—and the next sea swept the yacht. We were ashore.

Gamble and the boy were amidships, clinging to the fife-rail, but Hooper and myself were thrown to the lee main rigging, where we clutched the bights of ropes and saved ourselves. Before we could regain our footing, however, another sea crashed over the craft from squarely abeam, and I heard a cry of pain from Hooper.

"I'm hurt," he gasped. "Look out for the women, Somers. Keep 'em below decks—they'll be washed overboard."

I scrambled for the companionway, and met another sea which hurled me back to the rail. Before I could recover I saw a slight figure come up from below.

"Go back," I shouted. "Don't come up yet. Go back again."

The figure swayed unsteadily on the reeling deck and half turned; a larger sea boarded the yacht, and I heard a scream. Then, half-buried as I clung to the rail, I saw a woman swept past, high over my head, and heard the scream repeated in the receding hollow to leeward.

Not knowing which of the three it was—only knowing that it resembled Annie Bronson, I followed, and when I raised my head out of that black water the yacht was an undefined blur in the darkness fifty feet to windward, and I was alone with the merciless sea.

"Annie," I called, when I could speak, "Annie, Annie—where are you?"

There was no answer, and the desolation of death gripped my heart. Not until then had I realized that I needed this girl more than life; and not caring to live if she died, I swam blindly in the darkness—away from the yacht.

"Annie," I called repeatedly. "Answer. Can you hear?"

There was an answer from the right—a choking sound; and I swam that way, in spite of my embarrassing drapery, making such headway that I drove her under before knowing that I had reached her; but I lifted her to the surface by the hair, and held her head above water. Her clothing had supported her thus far, and, though almost exhausted and hardly conscious, she was able to speak. But—it was Miss Nellie Runyon.

She struggled weakly, but I quieted her by firmly spoken commands and directions; then, holding her by the hair above and in front of me, I swam on my back. We could reach the shore, I assured her, and send help for the others.

But something hard and round struck my left arm, and I seized it. It was the main topmast, and as I clung to it and rested I knew by the rushing by of the seas that it was anchored to the yacht by some of the gear. Cautiously pulling myself, with the girl on my arm now, along to the end, I found the backstay extending taut to windward, and heard Gamble's voice coming down the wind.

"Gamble," I shouted with all my power of lung; "O-o-o-o-o-oh, Gamble; I've got her—hanging on to the topmast. Float down a life buoy."

He answered with a joyous hurrah. How he heard me—a hundred feet to leeward of him in that fierce gale—and how he managed to float the life buoy directly within reach I never could understand. But it was done in five minutes, and I placed the cork ring under the arms of the limp Miss Nellie, sang out "Haul in!" and secured a firm grip on the beckets. He pulled us to the rail in half a minute; he dropped me the bight of the rope to hold to; he lifted the girl—life buoy and all—over the rail. Then as I scrambled up in the darkness I saw him disengage that drenched and helpless young lady from the life buoy, enfold her tightly in his arms, and kiss her repeatedly on the lips, cheeks and forehead, unmindful of the seas which washed past him. Finally he gripped my hand and said brokenly:

"God bless you for this. I knew you'd get her if any one could; but I knew you couldn't get back if I went too."

"Yes, but take her below, man," I answered. "She was alive when I had her, but you've drowned her." He carried her down.

He had almost drowned *me* in that rapid rush through the water, and from this, or from her safety after the danger, or from the kissing—I do not know which—Miss Nellie was unconscious in his arms. And I—I had learned something more. I climbed the sloping deck with but a hazy comprehension of the irony of fate, which had brought me, unneeded, between these young people.

The yacht had been lifted to shallower water, and the seas now spent most of their force against the higher side before washing over the deck. I found Hooper lashed to the fife-rail, weakly replying to the comments of the uninjured and unsubdued boy, who was proudly holding to a belaying pin with one hand and defying the sea to break his grip.

—*shriek after shriek of animal terror coming back on the gale*

"Good for you, Somers," groaned Hooper. "Other two had sense enough to stay down. I'm helpless—ribs stove in. She'll hold together, no doubt, until daylight, and we'll be taken off."

"But how'd it happen, Hooper? Where are we? What land runs north and south around here?"

"I don't know—I don't know. I can't make it out. We ought to have been off Watch Hill Pond, but not down to the reef. It can't be Block Island, or Fisher's Island—impossible. I know the yacht's drift under any rag she carries. It must be the reef; but we're on soft bottom. I can't understand."

I went aft and looked in the binnacle. We were heading northeast, and as the yacht was presumably lying parallel with the nearest land, this was consistent only with our having overrun the distance and bringing up on Watch Hill Reef without seeing the light. But the seas were now boarding the yacht on the weather bow, for the yacht had swung around until her stern grounded, and these seas came over us with the force and volume of Atlantic combers—too heavy to develop in the short distance from the Rhode Island shore. As it was manifestly impossible for us to have missed Watch Hill Reef and reached Fisher's Island—far to the westward—it seemed that we might have drifted south and east, and struck Block Island on our last westerly tack. But this meant a fifteen-mile drift before making sail, and I could not admit it.

Gamble appeared and announced that Miss Runyon was doing well. "Feeble, but rather happy," he said, grinning weakly in the light of the binnacle. "And say, Somers, she's almighty grateful to you, and wants to be forgiven——"

"For what?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, for flirting with you and throwing you over. You see, her conscience is mighty active just now, and she thinks you may have felt badly. She says it was to stir me up."

"And you, Gamble—was that your object in crossing my hawse afterward?"

"Well, not exactly, Somers. I was sore, and off my feed, of course, and Miss Bronson was very attractive."

"I forgive you both," I said severely. "Let it be a lesson to you. Tell her I forgive her way down in my heart."

Then he announced a vital piece of news—the water was coming into the cabin. I told Hooper.

"Keep 'em below as long as possible," he answered. "It's better than perching in the rigging, and the masts might go at any time. Lower the mainsail and jibs; they're straining the spars; and get the cartridges for the gun and the rockets from the skipper's room. Use 'em up."

We obeyed him; and for an hour as the forward deck sank from the disintegration of the hull beneath, the signal gun barked and rockets soared skyward; but there was no answering signal, and when the last rocket and cartridge were expended the foremast went by the board; then the women came up, flooded out of the cabin, and we assisted them, and Hooper, into the main rigging; for every sea now swept the deck.

"Unlay some strands from the gear and lash us, boys," said Hooper; "one turn's enough; we might want to cast off in a hurry. You, boy, go down and get the knife from the skylight," he called to Archibald.

"Knife ain't there," answered the youth.

"Where is it?"

"Don't know. 'Tain't there. I looked and 'tain't there."

"When did you look?" I asked suspiciously.

"Just now—'fore we came up."

I descended, searched the skylight, and found that he had spoken truly. It was gone. Then I remembered seeing him at the skylight when reefing; and knowing him well, I climbed up to him.

"You took that knife yourself," I said sternly. "Where is it?"

"I didn't," he exclaimed petulantly; "and it's my knife anyway. What right have you got to my knife, I'd like to know?"

"He put something into the binnacle when I was steering," said Mrs. Hooper. "Was it the knife, Archie?"

"No, it wasn't the knife at all. I didn't put anything into the binnacle."

"The binnacle," groaned Hooper. "Great smoke! Boy, if you've wrecked my yacht! Go down and see, Somers."

I descended again. In the after part of the brass globe, close to the compass, was the knife. As I removed it the compass card swung half way around, then back, and when it had steadied a little the lubber's point hovered at due east.

"Hooper," I said, as I joined them, "he put it in the binnacle and hauled us four points north of our course. We've simply piled up on the Rhode Island shore, and this wind and sea are right in from the broad Atlantic."

He answered only with wheezing groans as he climbed painfully toward the boy. There was a terrible menace in the slow deliberation of his movements. I seized the boy by the collar, wrenched him clear of the rigging, and dropped him to the sheer pole.

"Stay down there as you value your life," I shouted. "Hooper, think twice. He isn't worth it."

Hooper seemed to be choking; but he remained where he was, and the boy had brain enough to obey me. Fear of pain always aroused his faculties.

"Oh, my yacht," gasped Hooper at last. "My beautiful yacht. Swapped for a jackknife!"

Gamble and I secured cork jackets for all and arranged them; then we unlaid strands from running gear, tied ourselves to the shrouds, and in silence and cold—for the gale blew chilly now—we passed the night in the rigging. Just before daylight the weather cleared and we saw lights to leeward, moving back and forth, as though carried by men; then in the gray of the morning we saw a high shore a quarter of a mile away and a furious nest of breakers in which no mere surfboat could live and no lifeboat be launched. And the Watch Hill life-savers, who had seen our signals, were well aware of it; for, coming down the beach from the westward was a four-horse truck carrying, not a boat, but a lifecar and wrecking-gear. Men waved their hats, and we, having none, answered with our hands.

They arranged their apparatus; a puff of smoke arose from the beach, and with the report of the wreck gun came a conical shot, with a line attached, singing over our heads. It fell into the sea, and the bight of the line stretched across the deck.

"Get it," said Hooper. "Haul in plenty of slack from to windward, cut it, and reeve it through the throat halyard block aloft to haul on. They'll send out a whip and a hawser."

We followed his instructions, unreeving one part of the throat halyards to make room for the shot-line, and, hauling upon this, brought out a tail-block with a rope reeved through it. Secured to the block was a small white board which bore printed instructions.

We secured the tail-block as directed, just below the hounds of the mast, and waved to the men on the beach. Then the rope traveled, and out came the end of a three-inch hawser, with another tally-board.

We followed its instructions, advised by Hooper, who had climbed up, and who seemed to know the drill. Then out came what he called a breeches buoy—a cork ring such as Gamble had floated to me, but with four lifts supporting it to a traveling-block on the hawser, and a canvas attachment depending from the under side resembling in shape a pair of swimming-trunks. Its purpose was obvious—a man could get into the ring, insert his legs in the breeches and be pulled safely through the surf.

"Who goes first," I asked, thinking—I could not help it—of the painful spectacle of a lady in such a contrivance.

"The boy," answered Hooper. "I must go last, and you fellows must stay by the women. We'll tell him to ask the men to send out the lifecar and take us all at once. Mast's liable to fall at any time, and there are three women and a sick man here."

"Come on, Archibald," I sang out as I descended to him. "You're to go first. Mr. Hooper won't touch you now. Come on."

He gladly climbed a few ratlines, for the seas were drenching him; but going ashore in the breeches buoy was another proposition, and he flatly refused.

I was not in the mood to waste time upon him. So I grimly asked the group for a pencil, and Mrs. Hooper found one in her pocket. Taking it aloft, I wrote the request for the lifecar on one of the tally-boards, which I fastened firmly to the lifts of the breeches buoy, and with Gamble's help overhauled the throat halyards until I reached the end of the rope. With this I descended—Gamble following with the other part—and said to the boy:

"If you resist, we'll put it around your neck."

"What you goin' to do?" he cried, awed by our set faces and the menacing preparations. "Let me alone. Don't touch me. Annie, make him stop."

While he protested I passed the end around his waist and knotted it at his shoulder-blades. His resistance was vocal only, but he clung tightly to the shrouds, until Gamble and I, pulling down on the other part of the rope, tore him away. His sister looked on, implacable and silent.

As he rolled past the after shroud and swung far to leeward a piercing scream left his lips, and as he went aloft in irregular curves the scream was repeated with every breath until it took on the hoarse intonation noticeable in the squealing of a pig in the hands of a butcher. It continued—peal after peal—after we had hoisted him to the top block; and when I had climbed to his level it gathered force born of my proximity and became an inarticulate, squawling roar.

Gamble had remained below to slack away, and Hooper was unable to assist, so upon me alone devolved the task of getting him into the breeches buoy.

"In you go," I yelled at him. "Go ashore and send out that lifecar."

"I won't—I won't—I won't!" he shrieked. "Annie, Annie—don't let him." Then the words merged into his squawl of fright. The breeches buoy was just beneath him. I gripped the shrouds firmly with my knees, and holding on with one hand, reached for him with the other.

"Will you go?" I shouted.

He choked, sputtered, and began his howl, but did not finish. I closed down, and sang out, "Lower away, handsomely." As Gamble slacked him down, I guided his limp legs into the buoy, took my fingers from his throat, and holding him firmly by the collar, unhitched him, and waved to the men ashore. They instantly let go the upper part of the whip which had held the breeches buoy close to the tail-block, and Archibald shot down the inclined trolley fifty feet before his vocal powers were in working order; but then it sounded again—shriek after shriek of animal terror coming back on the gale. The yacht was rolling with the heave of the sea, and as the mast inclined the hawser would slacken, dropping him within reach of the combers; and as she rolled back and tautened it, up would go Archibald high above the hawser, his fat legs pointing heavenward like steeples out of plumb. Then he would fall with a jerk which strained the hitches on the mast. Not until he stood up on the beach did his protest cease.

The lifecar, a short boat with a whaleback deck and ventilated hatch, came out, slung by rings to the hawser. With less trouble than might have been expected after Archibald's example, we induced the women—who had certainly shown wonderful courage and fortitude—to climb the rigging and be assisted into the car. In spite of his intention to be last to leave the yacht, poor Hooper was first, being unable to lower himself, unaided, into the hatch. His wife followed, then Miss Bronson, Miss Runyon, and Gamble.

When all were down I signaled to the shore, entered the car and secured the hatch by its inner bar, according to Hooper's directions. Though the hatch cover was pierced with small holes, it was very dark in there, and I only knew as I crouched down and gripped a handhold that Hooper and Gamble were on the opposite side of the car with one of the ladies, while on each side of me were the other two. The car started, and however it might have appeared to observers ashore, the first part of the passage was no more harrowing to us than would be a trolley ride. The lifecar was supported by two rings. The grating of these rings over the strands of the hawser prevented conversation, and I was not surprised when my right-hand neighbor leaned my way as though to speak in my ear; but I was much surprised when an arm slid around my neck, soft breath fanned my face, and lips kissed me. I could not tell in the darkness who it was, but as some comment was required I brought my mouth close to her ear and whispered:

"Afraid?"

"No; not while you're with me," came the whispered answer.

"Must be Annie," I thought with beating heart.

"Say, Will," came the whisper, "isn't he horrid?"

It was not Miss Bronson; it was Miss Nellie—talking to her beloved Gamble. Now was the time for an honorable man to undeceive her; but I was weak and fallible; I wanted to know who was 'horrid,' and why; and I was also governed by the fear of mutual embarrassment which would follow her discovery of whom she had kissed. So I remained silent. "Isn't he mean?" she asked again.

"What's he done now?"

"Why, he won't speak to her—won't look at her—insulted her at the hotel. She told me so—she's breaking her heart—and he isn't worth it, even though he did help you save my life. I'd never look at him again; but she accepted Mrs. Hooper's invitation just to be near him—to make it up, you see. And he won't forgive her."

"Won't forgive her?" I gasped. "What's she done?"

"Nothing at all. But—she didn't tell this: her brother told us in the cabin—he was proposing just as she sat down on a pin which Archie had fixed for him. Now, she just couldn't stay there, could she?"

"No—I should think not."

"And the big goose doesn't know any more than to get mad. And she can't explain, can she?"

"Ought to be kicked," I managed to say. Then the lifecar struck a sea, and the rest of the trip was a tumble through the surf.

. . . . . .

Among his youthful friends Archibald is now a hero. The reporters interviewed him, and described his perilous ride through the breakers in behalf of the cowardly "grown-ups" who waited for the lifecar. He is soon to become my brother-in-law; and, though the sentence of death still hangs over him, I doubt that it ever will be carried out. For he fears me as his patron saint is said to fear the good Book, and nothing short of physical restraint will induce him to remain within sound of my voice.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

IF IT is a fact that the slowest pulsation is always the most vital, then I certainly should liken the art of waiting to the slow pulsation, for waiting has been more vital in my case than any haste would have been, since by waiting I have gained at least one desired end. Our postmaster out in Spruce City was confirmed by the Senate in executive session without one word of dissent from any member of that body, and without any spoken word from us to Senator P——. This is a clear case of the "silent lobby," and I am more triumphant over its success than I am at the opening of several doors to me in the smart world, which I had begun to fear my key would not fit.

The day that our postmaster went through the Senate I had been in the gallery listening to the slow grinding out of the debate on the Financial Bill, which was dull enough, goodness knows, until the capers of Mr. Tillman enlivened things. This lank gentleman from South Carolina diverted me all that afternoon. He would jump to his feet with a nervous jerk at his waistcoat, and in a strident voice, every tone of which could be heard in the corridors without, would hurl himself into the midst of his opponent's speech. He would snatch at the greenback, then at the gold dollar, and, figuratively, would shake them between his teeth, much as a terrier would shake a rat, only desisting when the chair would call him to order, after which he would give a reluctant and final twitch to his waistcoat, nod his head to his opponent as much as to say, "Get away with that if you can!" smile triumphantly upon his Democratic colleagues, and then hurl himself back into his chair. This he kept up until the debate was closed and some one had moved to go into executive session. I waited, even after this, a moment to watch the preparations for this secret session. The electric bells began to jangle all over the Senate end of the Capitol. The chief page came to the foot of the Vice-President's platform and clapped his hands three times in signal for the other pages to retire precipitously from the sacred presence. I had a brief moment of wondering if I could not secrete myself somewhere under a bench and stay through this mysterious conclave, but alas! while I was turning this over in my mind the doorkeeper invited me unceremoniously out of the gallery. I complied without standing upon the order of going.

When Robert came home that day and announced that our postmaster had been confirmed, I made him tell me all that he knew of what goes on in the Senate during these executive sessions. First and foremost, it would seem that, as soon as all the doors are closed and locked, the most important act of this august body is a drawing forth of match-boxes and cigars and a general lighting up. This is accompanied by a hubbub of voices such as would do credit to a chapter meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. On this particular occasion Robert was told that the Senator who had moved the executive session, moved, through a cloud of cigar smoke, that our man out in Spruce City should be confirmed as postmaster of that city. Thereupon the Vice-President *pro tem.*, in the usual way, after a pause in which the motion was supposed to be under consideration, hearing no dissent, said, "Without objection, it is so ordered."

"But, Robert," I asked, "where was Senator P—— all this time? Didn't he say anything?"

"Senator P—— was not in the Senate Chamber at all. He withdrew his objections before the committee, and the nomination was allowed to come up in this executive session along with other nominations."

We looked at each other silently for an instant, then Robert said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"I certainly do not agree with that sour old pessimist who wished that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body."

I laughed at this sally, and the compliment under it pleased me. It was Robert's way of paying a tribute to my help in the matter. He continued gallantly:

"'Woman was not taken out of man's head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side to be equal to him, and near his heart to be loved.'"

"Why, Robert, you are growing positively brilliant! I never knew you to quote things about women before. If the women suffragists should hear you they would be trying to get you on their committee and make you speak for them. They were as thick around the Capitol to-day as bees about to swarm, and poor Mr. Ray, who had them in charge before the House Committee, looked perfectly distracted, especially after the 'remonstrants' also claimed to be heard."

"By the way, Agatha, that reminds me: our postmaster went through in very smart company to-day—smarter than any he ever dreamed of—for Mrs. Potter Palmer was confirmed as Commissioner to the Paris Exposition."

This news was almost as interesting as that of the confirmation of our man, for this ended the pretty fight between Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Daniel Manning for the commissionership. These ladies have been pulling wires for this position for weeks. Mr. Depew championed Mrs. Manning, and when it seemed certain that the appointment would go to Mrs. Palmer he introduced a bill in the Senate authorizing the appointment of a lady to represent this country at the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette in Paris. This bill provided that she should be styled a Commissioner, and should also be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Of course, Mrs. Manning was not mentioned by name, but everybody knew who was intended. But alas! this bill has been hung up in the House, and the Daughters have been gnashing their pretty teeth at the thought that Bertha Honoré Palmer's name passed the Senate, not only without demur, but with the additional courtesy of not even being referred to the Committee on International Expositions, to which all such nominations are usually sent.

If the House could only be caught napping, as the Senate is sometimes, it might be possible to slip Mr. Depew's bill for Mrs. Manning through that body just as the Boer resolutions of sympathy were slipped through the Senate the other day by Mr. Allen, of Nebraska, which raised such a laugh and such a prompt demand for reconsideration of the vote that Mr. Allen was forced to assent. Mr. Allen does not often assent to anything, and when he rises up from his seat, tall and shaggy, it is generally with the words on his lips, "I object."

In fact, the gentleman from Nebraska is hostile to pretty much everything in this session. He wants nothing regal, or that smacks of imperialism in our midst, and even objects to the keeping intact of the Royal Mausoleum in Honolulu in which repose the bones of a long line of dead Hawaiian kings and queens. It occurred to the Committee on Public Lands the other day to introduce a resolution to keep from desecration this royal tomb, and the clerk of the Senate got up to read the resolution.

Well, Mr. Allen was listening. He knew that it was something to which he ought to object, but he could not understand one single word of it all until finally he caught "Royal Mausoleum"; then suddenly he knew where he was: this was something imperial, regal, belonging to the new possessions—it must be put a stop to; like the Irishman, whatever it was, he was "ag'in' it." Up he arose and sprang his familiar objection, and lo! the resolution concerning the royal bones went over, and unless the gentleman from Nebraska should soften his heart the resolution will not be called up again, and the royal bones will be thrown in along with the public lands to be turned over at some future day by the enterprising Yankee plough.

But the Senate has much more serious work on hand than caring for our royal ancestors by annexation. This question of the treaty is confronting the Senate, and Robert says that the provisions embodied in it demonstrate how out of touch and out of tune the Secretary of State is with the rank and file of his party, and it is causing much uneasiness among Republican Senators. Robert says that this uneasiness is caused by a fear that the Administration may take a stand on the treaty, and send out an order that it must be ratified, no matter how Senators feel toward it personally. There are not many who will be bold enough to defy such a command, for it might mean that a Senator possessing such temerity could not get any bill he might be interested in through Congress, nor command an appointment, and that perhaps even those already appointed under his influence might be in jeopardy. It has always been commonly said that all Anglo-American treaties have been floated in champagne, but this is not the history of this treaty—perhaps if it were, the Senate would know better what to do with it.

When I first asked Senator P—— about this new treaty he expressed himself very conservatively on the subject. He was willing to tell me what he thought of every other man's attitude toward it, but he would not give me more than a mere hint at his own. To my surprise, within a few days he has spoken openly, even warmly, for ratification. I asked Robert to explain to me the Senator's change from conservatism to open advocacy. Robert seemed slow to commit himself to any reason for it. At last he said:

"Well, Agatha, you know as well as I do what an influential man P—— is. You know how near he stands to the President, but perhaps you have not heard that there is a movement afoot to put him on the ticket as a running mate in the next campaign."

"You mean, Robert, that Senator P——, for the sake of being nominated for Vice-President, would vote for this treaty, even against his judgment, against his conscience, and against the good of the country?"

"Well, Agatha, that's about the size of it."

"Oh! Robert, I do not believe it. It is not like the rest of his public record."

Robert laughed, and said, "Why, Agatha, I thought you had parted with all romantic notions concerning statesmen, and legislation for the good of the country."

But I was not to be laughed out of my notions. I was more disturbed at having my high estimate of Senator P—— shaken than I cared to admit. Soon afterward we were giving an elaborate dinner in Jules' best style. The Secretary of War and Senator P—— were both present, and being the two most important guests, sat on either side of me. I lost no time in broaching to Senator P—— what was in my mind.

"Senator P——, I am a seeker after truth; you must help me to find it."

"Certainly, Mrs. Slocum, but of course you know what the fate of the old philosopher was who went in search of truth and who saw his own image in the bottom of the well and remained to worship it instead."

"Yes," I retorted, "I have heard of that same old philosopher and you think that as a woman I would do likewise; but I have also heard that with some people truth is as 'hazardous and contraband a commodity as a man can possibly deal in.'"

"Ah!" laughed the Senator, "from your emphasis on 'some people,' you mean that for politicians 'truth is a hazardous commodity to deal in?' You are right, and I see that you are becoming a clever politician yourself."

I wondered if he were thinking of our postmaster. I replied:

"Yes, I am getting far enough along to begin to lose the distinction between right and wrong. That is the first step in politics, is it not?"

"Is that the result of your husband's teaching?" asked he quickly and audaciously.

"No, Senator P——, it is the result of the teaching of you Senators up in the Senate. I have noticed the attitude of different politicians upon all these great questions that confront us, and I have noticed the lightning changes in their opinions, and I want to know what the truth of the situation is, and what underlying influences are at work. There is one phrase that is being solemnly and grandiloquently used by the politicians; this phrase is 'sphere of influence.' I am beginning to find out that when you apply it to the nation you mean a slice of China, and when you apply it to the individual you mean the Vice-Presidency."

Senator P—— laughed quietly to himself, while I devoted myself for a time to the Secretary of War. Finally he caught my attention again and said, in a lowered voice:

"So you have heard the rumor that I am going to add my name to the list of those who desire the second place on the ticket?"

I faced him and asked boldly, without heeding his question:

"What do you want to be Vice-President for?"

"What makes you think that I want to be Vice-President?" he asked with sudden gravity. After a moment he said with a tinge of contempt:

"Ah! Mrs. Slocum, there can be no thin moralizing in politics, and no philosophical politics, either. The sole zest in it all lies in the possession of power, and the road to power is rough hewn, not finely chiseled. What power could a Vice-President possibly possess? He is a continual and lugubrious *memento mori* to the President."

"And your vote on the treaty will be——?"

He laughed and shook his head. He was not to be drawn into any committal as to the treaty.

When our last dinner guests had departed, Page and I hurried off to keep several late engagements. We looked in at the Japanese Minister's, Mr. Komura, who was giving a unique entertainment that night. He had a band of Japanese actors present who gave a native play that was well-nigh unintelligible to most of us, though the dancing was quaint and interesting. I had determined that if I saw any one from the French Embassy I would try to find out something concerning Alain de Courcelles, for Page was so restless and fitful that I was distressed for her. The only diplomat with whom I had a word was the nice little Swiss Minister, and, remembering that Mr. de Courcelles often had gone to the Swiss Legation, I asked casually if they had had any news from him. Our conversation was rather an elaborate affair, for what with his broken English and my Spruce City French it consisted mainly in bows, smiles, shrugs and guesses at what each was trying to say. I gathered at last that nothing had been heard directly, but that indirectly a brief and recent paragraph in a Paris newspaper had stated that the Marquise de Courcelles, mother of the Marquis Jean Jacques de Courcelles, lay dying at their château in Brittainy. This was unexpected and exciting news indeed! I asked the Swiss Minister to let me know if he should happen to hear anything further concerning the sad condition of Madame de Courcelles, to which he replied, drawing his heels together and making a polite bow:

"I will do for Madame any 'posseeble.'"

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

The Making of a Railroad Man
The President's Views
By E. P. RIPLEY, President Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R.R.

IF I WERE asked to say something about the making of a railroad man, I should ask, "What kind of a railroad man?" because the railroad profession embraces specialists of many kinds, and in these days nearly all railroad men must be specialists.

A man who is an expert in machinery or in civil engineering may fill an important position in railroad service, even though he be ignorant of the work of other departments, and other men may hold equal or even higher rank in the service, though possessing little or no knowledge of engineering or mechanics.

Strictly speaking, it can hardly be said that the railroad service is a profession, but rather that it embraces all the professions. In a large system the head of a department must stand at the head of his class, but he is not required to be a proficient in other lines. The Superintendent of Motive Power must be second to none in mechanical lines, but he may know nothing of maintenance of way or of traffic affairs. Similarly, the Traffic Manager or General Freight Agent, though eminently satisfactory in his own field, may not know, and perhaps often does not know, the difference between a "Mogul" engine and a "Consolidation." All this is as it should be, and is a part of the evolution of the smaller railroad into the larger "system." The time has passed when immediate supervision of all departments can be vested in one man, except in the case of roads of very small mileage.

SMALL ROADS THE BEST SCHOOLS

THERE was a time when the dry goods or grocery merchant bought his own goods (and largely sold them) himself, and knew every article in his store and the price of it. Now, if he has survived, he has divided his store into departments, and has a man at the head of each, and confines himself to a general oversight, judging his chief officers mainly by results, and interfering but little in details. There are yet a few small roads in the country where a somewhat intimate knowledge of the business of all departments is necessary to a few of the principal officers, and on these small roads is to be found the best school for general education in the railroad business. The great mass of railroad workers must specialize, however, in order to obtain employment or advancement.

It follows, then, that in most cases a "railroad man" is one familiar with but one branch of the service, having only such casual knowledge of the other branches as his daily association with those employed in them and the exercise of his powers of observation may give him. He may hope for promotion in his specialty, but not generally outside of it, though there are notable exceptions.

THE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM IN VOGUE

IN OUR larger railway systems civil service rules are almost universal. It occasionally happens, of course, that a man who has made for himself a reputation on one road is invited to a position on another, but, generally speaking, this occurs only when it is believed that there is no one in the ranks capable of exactly filling the position. Necessarily promotion comes slowly, and to many it does not come at all; but it may safely be stated that the qualities which lead to success in other fields will work the same result in this, and that brains, industry and honesty will reap as large rewards in this as in any other branch of work. Doubtless there are deserving men of long years in the service to whom promotion and success come but in limited degree. Doubtless, also, there are some who only lack opportunity to develop talent; but the fact remains that it is not always easy, and not even always possible, to find just the right man for an important place.

The traffic department is purely commercial, and ordinarily requires but little technical knowledge of railroad operation. It is the selling department in distinction from the manufacturing, and requires the business acumen and general methods of a salesman in any other business.

The successful traffic man must have firmness, but must know when to yield, and must be just to his patrons and his competitors. It is his to develop existing business, and create that which has not existed. He must know a little of almost all mercantile values, mercantile methods and the channels of trade. His place calls for no exact science, but for a large amount of general information, and a vast store of patience and pertinacity. As a rule, he is born rather than made, and generally, I think, it is harder to find just the right man for this place than for any other in the service.

SOME OF THE DUTIES OF THE GENERAL MANAGER

THE General Manager upon most of our larger roads is not what his name implies, since he "manages" the operating department only, and has no jurisdiction over traffic or auditing officers. He is the recognized head of the operating department, including, generally, the mechanical and engineering branches. He may himself be a graduate of either, and is supposed to have at least knowledge enough of both, in addition to his own department, to know whether the work of each is well or ill done.

By far the larger number of the employees are under his jurisdiction, and, with the exception of the Traffic Manager, he comes more closely in touch with the public than any other official. He is expected to protect the company, yet to be just to the employees and to the public, and, having control of the major part of all payments, is expected, above all else, to study how they may be lessened without prejudice to the interests of the public or the railroad.

The duties of the Auditor, Treasurer, Engineer and Superintendent of Motive Power are sufficiently explained by their titles.

LIBERAL RETURNS FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE

IT IS stating the case moderately to say that the railroad business pays its employees quite as well as any other. Indeed, there are few branches of industry that offer more or larger pecuniary rewards to those who are content to work, or are obliged to work, for fixed salaries. It has an interest which, with most of those who follow it, amounts to a sort of fascination, and few leave it voluntarily. A railroad man is partly born and partly made, but it seems to me that he is mostly born.

I am asked if promotions from clerical ranks to executive positions are not becoming less and less frequent in railway service. My answer is, No. On the contrary, civil service rules are becoming more universal, and favoritism and nepotism are lessening.

Another inquiry of some interest and importance which has been raised in connection with the subject under discussion is stated in about these words: "What would be your advice to the young man who came to you with the question, 'What line of railway service offers the best opportunities for success in the struggle for promotion from a humble position to that of railway President? In other words, what line of service offers, in your opinion, the least resistance as an avenue by which to gain the Presidency of a railroad?'"

My advice would depend largely on the general appearance of the person asking the question. I do not know that there is *any* "line of least resistance." The rewards for success are about equal in all departments, but some who would succeed in one would fail in others.

A matter too often overlooked by those wishing to enter this field is that of physique. The railroad man must have a robust body in order to withstand the wear and tear and the hard knocks necessary to fight his way up in the railway service to a responsible official position. Unquestionably the railroad business, in all its departments, is more exacting in its requirements than most other pursuits. I would not advise a young man of delicate physique to enter the profession.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S POWERS

PARTICULARLY of late the impression seems to have gained ground that the present tendency of railroad operation is toward the concentration of greater power and of a large volume of detail in the hands of the President, giving less scope than formerly to subordinate officials. On the contrary, the President is much less a man of detail than formerly, and in a certain sense also much less a man of power. The head of a large concern finds it necessary to make rigid rules which even he may not transgress. He has more power in the sense that his field of action is larger, but the head of a smaller concern can give himself more latitude.

The question of enforcing temperance rules may be dismissed in a few words. The railroads have found it necessary to insist on temperate habits on the part of employees, and will not retain a man known to frequent saloons. Owing to the enforcement of this rule there is probably a higher average of temperate men among railway employees to-day than one or two decades ago.

HOW YOUNG RAILROAD MEN GET AHEAD

IT IS but natural that every young man should be ambitious to win the good will and attention of his superiors, and is, therefore, anxious to know how this end may be specially promoted. On this important point I would say with emphasis that a man who does good work need make no special effort to bring himself into notice, and any such effort is likely to be annoying to his superiors. The heads of departments know what each man is doing, and are better judges of his work than the employee himself. Ambition is good, but it should take the form of intelligent and faithful service, and events in their natural course will do the rest.

Much good advice might be offered on the subject of the personal life of the young railroad man. However, it is sufficient to say that, as a rule, officials gauge the employee by his work in the office, and pay no attention to what he does outside. But if he has been out all night, his appearance in the morning is likely to indicate his dissipation, and if his chief hears that his habits are bad, the effect on the employee's prospects is naturally unfavorable.

I have been asked if railroad men holding responsible positions are not now retired earlier in life than formerly. It seems to me that the tendency is to take care of and furnish light employment for men of advanced years and long employment, so far as this is possible. I do not think men are retired earlier, but it is customary to take on only young men.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE PRESIDENT

PROBABLY almost every reader of this magazine has, at some time or another, wondered what are the most important and vexatious problems with which a railroad President has to deal. This question opens up so vast a field that it is discouraging. The problems that come to the President are all important, because they are of the class which subordinates do not settle. In other words, it is *only* the pressingly important things that get to him.

E. P. RIPLEY
PRESIDENT ATCHISON, TOPEKA AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD

The railway business is peculiar in that it has been held to be "quasi public," which means that the President, in addition to being satisfactory to the Board of Directors of the railway company, must so conduct the affairs of the road as to have them also satisfactory to the public, and to the representatives of the public in the various legislative bodies. As all history shows that no man ever did serve all the public to its satisfaction for any length of time, or was appreciated till after he was dead, it will be seen that the position is a difficult one.

It has long been customary to misrepresent the motives as well as the actions of those charged with the management of the railways of this country, and but little has been heard on the other side. I can conscientiously say, however, that a long experience causes me to believe that the moral tone of the railroad profession is quite as high as that of any other, and that portion of the public which deals with railroads most largely would, I believe, testify to the fact that transactions of great magnitude can be, and often are, accepted upon the word of a railroad official which would require a written contract with bond attached if made with others. The portion of the public which has dealings with the roads has unbounded confidence in the officials, while that portion which has not such personal contact, and is influenced by partisan and demagogic abuse, has none. It is this latter portion which makes itself heard and felt, and which at times makes life burdensome to the President and his staff.

To keep earnings up and expenses down, to satisfy the taxing power, the legislative power, the public, the employees and the stockholder summarize, in brief, the perplexities of the railway President's position. It is not possible freely to satisfy these conflicting interests, and the result is daily compromise, and not always on a basis fair to the corporation, or satisfactory to its representative, who assents under fear of worse things.

Editor's Note—This series, of which this paper is the third, began in the Post of January 6. Other articles will follow in early numbers.

Saved from the Stage by Miss Powell

Among the prominent singers engaged for Maurice Grau's English grand opera season next fall is Marcella Powell, a young woman who came into notice two years ago as the vocal star of John Philip Sousa's concert company.

They have a musical society in Brooklyn that studies the masters, reveres the memory of Seidl, and knows Wagner by heart. Among the members is a young matron.

"I shall certainly hear Miss Powell sing in grand opera," she said. "You know I was educated for grand opera. I took a course of lessons from a teacher and he said I ought to go on the stage. So I took some more lessons. Well, I had learned a piece from Il Trovatore, full of runs and trills. It reached from there to there"—measuring from the floor to as high as she could reach—"and I thought I sang it beautifully. When Sousa came I went to the concert, and for an encore Miss Powell sang this piece. She sang it, and when she got through I could have cried for mortification. I asked some one who knew Miss Powell how long she had studied.

"'I don't know,' he said; 'five or six years anyway.'

"I gave up my stage ambitions and went into mission work in our church, and it was there I met my husband."

Miss Gonne's True Soldier Friends

Miss Maud Gonne is known as The Irish Joan of Arc. The daughter of a British officer and the possessor of considerable property, she has devoted herself to Irish Nationalism since she reached womanhood's estate.

In the British Army are many brave and faithful Irish regiments, among whom Miss Gonne has troops of warm friends. One of these bade her farewell last autumn prior to his departure to South Africa. Miss Gonne asked him:

"Are you not ashamed to go to fight to put British chains upon another country and have a Dutch Ireland where now there is freedom?"

The soldier smiled and answered: "There's more fun in fighting than there is in freedom, and between the two a true Irishman would sooner have the fighting."

Another recruit answered her with the significant remark:

"I've got to go in the ranks anyhow, and the British Government pays the expense down there, but after I get there it will be a different matter."

Senator Cockrell's Introduction to Champ Clark

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is one of the Senatorial landmarks at the national capital. Although he has been in public life for a long time he has never thrown away either the habits, clothing or personal bearing of the honest countryside from which he sprang. Once, at a political gathering at Sedalia, the Senator was standing apart from the crowd in one of the hotels. A member of the committee on entertainment saw him and concluded that he was not being properly looked after.

"Would you like to get acquainted with some of the prominent visitors?" the polite committeeman asked.

"I don't care," said the Senator quietly. "Who's that big man over there with the smooth face?"

"Why, that's Champ Clark," said the committeeman; "would you like to meet him?"

"If you please," the Senator returned.

"Mr. Clark," he said, "I want you to know a gentleman who has expressed a desire to know you."

Clark looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"This is the Honorable Champ Clark, of old Pike, one of our most promising Congressmen; Mr. Clark, Mr. ——."

"Cockrell—Senator Cockrell," said the other. The committeeman sought to turn the joke, but it was on him.

Miss Barrymore's Gift of Second Sight

Miss Ethel Barrymore, the beautiful young actress whose professional and social success in England was so marked, a season or two ago, that her engagement was reported to almost every unmarried lord in the peerage of marriageable age, has resumed her place on the stage of this country. She made her appearance in New York recently in a special performance which added largely to her reputation. Shortly after her return from abroad Miss Barrymore was waked late one night at her hotel by a woman reporter of a New York morning newspaper. After the necessary delay in securing an audience the newsgatherer found the actress in her dressing-gown, very sleepy and not at all pleased by the call.

"Our office," began the reporter, "has just received a cablegram from London saying——"

"Never mind what it says," interrupted Miss Barrymore sharply, "you may tell your editor, with my compliments, that I am not engaged to any new English lord nor to any old one either. Good-night."

Maurice Barrymore, father of the actress, is fond of telling of a visit he made with his family to the home of a country clergyman in England when Ethel was a very little child. Mr. Barrymore's wife was Georgie Drew, the actress, and the children had heard little else than the slang that stage folk affect.

It was at breakfast, the second morning of the visit, when little Ethel astonished the host with an expression that good man had never heard before, although every stage child in the world knows it from infancy. It was neither improper nor shocking, only it was slang. Mrs. Barrymore looked pained. Then Mr. Barrymore came to the rescue.

"Georgie," he said gravely to his wife, "I thought I asked you not to let the children become so familiar with the grooms. They'll have to give up riding altogether unless you are more careful."

The Western Printer Boy's Success

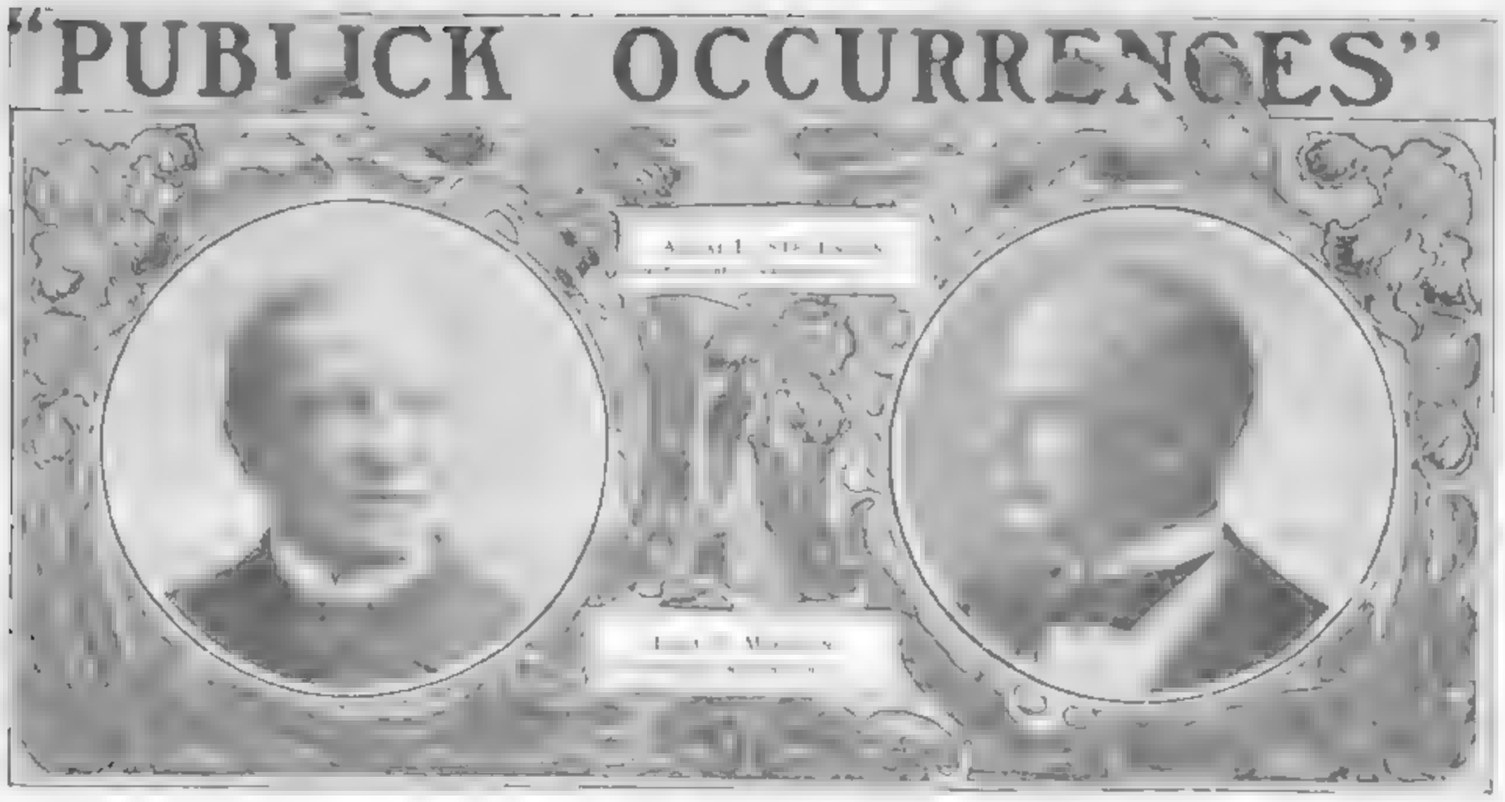
Chase S. Osborn, the present Railroad Commissioner of Michigan, began as a printer in Indiana. He became a reporter in Milwaukee, and afterward took charge of a Wisconsin paper in which he succeeded handsomely; then he became proprietor of the Sainte Marie News. He was Postmaster of Sainte Marie under President Harrison.

At the banquet of the Michigan Republicans, several years ago, he sat near General Russell A. Alger, who told him that he had to make a speech. He declared that he could not do it, but the General insisted and the presiding officer introduced him, and he arose to his feet. It was his first effort at speech-making, and he says he was nearly scared out of his boots, but he went ahead and spoke naturally and eloquently, so that when he finished the applause continued for some time. He had made the speech of the evening. Since then he has come to the front as one of the Michigan orators, and his name has been suggested for Governor.

A Prominent Scientist's Theory of Old Age

Dr. W. W. Keen, President of the American Medical Association, professor of surgery in the Woman's Medical College, and professor of artistic anatomy in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the occupant of the chair of surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, and a corresponding member of the Société de Chirurgie of Paris, is a striking exception to the commonly accepted notion of the accessibility of the great man. Doctor Keen is short, wiry, energetic, and the very personification of life. At a recent banquet held in Philadelphia, one of the speakers alluded to himself and Doctor Keen as the "old men" present, whereupon Doctor Keen, in reply to a toast, vehemently remonstrated about being classed as an old man. He declared that only that man was old through whose arteries the blood pumped slowly. In spite of his many duties and his many offices, Doctor Keen may be approached at any time by any one. Not long ago a certain person who had no especial claim upon his time or attention called to see him and found him out. The next morning's mail brought a most kindly note from Doctor Keen expressing regret that he was not in at the time the call was made, and stating that if the person would return on the following day at a certain time the doctor would spare him an hour.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



The Chief Interest of this Year's Conventions

This is one of the few times in the history of the United States when the contests in the Presidential conventions are not for the first honors, but for the Vice Presidential nominations. The Republicans will renominate Mr McKinley and the Democrats will renominate Mr. Bryan, but there are doubts in both cases as to who will be the candidates of the second place on the two tickets

As a rule, people do not care very much about Vice Presidents. A Vice President is supposed to be an excellent gentleman who presides soberly over the United States Senate and who holds himself in readiness to take up the reins of government should the President die. The salary of the place is rather insignificant for such a position, being only $8000 a year, and in more than one instance the Vice Presidential candidate has been selected because of his ability to contribute to the expense of the campaign, and to maintain a social establishment in Washington—something that requires increasing expenditures every year.

Vice-Presidents Who Became Presidents

The importance of a good Vice-President, however, has been notably illustrated in American history. Four times have they become Presidents, and in each case there have been departures from the policy of the regularly elected President, and many heartburnings and outbursts of passion

When President William Henry Harrison died suddenly on April 4, 1841, after only thirty days in office, John Tyler became President. His nomination had been a political expedient to strengthen the ticket. He was really a Calhoun Democrat, while, of course, Harrison was a Whig. The consequences were perfectly natural. Tyler's Administration became a disturbance of existing policies. The famous bank bill, drawn in accordance with his own suggestion and passed by Congress, was coolly vetoed by him, and the whole Cabinet, except Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State, at once resigned. He disregarded the pledges of the platform upon which he had been elected, and altogether his Presidential record was one of vacillations and small results

General Zachary Taylor, who was elected in 1848, died sixteen months after he had entered upon the duties of the Presidency, and the place was filled by Millard Fillmore, the Vice-President This was another instance of conflict in policies and of troubles that followed logically in their wake

The Case of President Andrew Johnson

But of all the cases that of Andrew Johnson illustrates most forcibly the powers and dangers of the Vice President When Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, 1865, Johnson became President of the United States, and during the ensuing years gave the country more trouble than any man who ever occupied the Presidential chair. At this distance we can scarcely appreciate the passion, prejudice and vehemence of those dark times. Indeed, they almost threw the nation off its balance

Although a Southerner, Johnson had none of the tenderness or sympathy of Lincoln. He had been nominated for politics pure and simple, and when he became President he felt his power. The very day after the assassination he said to a delegation which waited on him that the war "must not be excused as an unsuccessful rebellion to be overlooked and forgiven," and he took an attitude toward the South which would have been absolutely impossible to Abraham Lincoln.

It is evident now that the impeachment of Johnson arose more from the irritations which his personality and policy had engendered than from any specific thing he did

The assassination of Garfield is recent history. This ticket was purely a case of compromise, and like most compromises it worked unfortunately. Mr. Arthur was out of consonance with General Garfield's ideas, and the consequence was a new Cabinet and a departure from the policy of the Administration which the people had elected.

While there are at present a living President and two living ex Presidents there are only two former Vice Presidents who are alive—Mr. Stevenson, of Illinois, and Mr. Morton, of New York. Of the former candidates on the two tickets there are Mr. Reid, of New York, and Mr Sewall, of Maine.

Names Mentioned for the Second Place

The uncertainties that attend Presidential nominations seem to multiply in the Vice-Presidency. In many instances the men are nominated against their own desires and are induced to accept. In one case, which has been pointed out in these columns, the man who was nominated would have become Vice President, but in a moment of disappointment he declined to take second place on the ticket

This year the situation is curiously unsettled In a general way it is thought that McKinley's running mate will be taken from New York. Governor Roosevelt was first mentioned, but he vigorously declined. Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, was next, and he, too, declared he was not a candidate. Then came Mr. Cornelius Bliss, who promptly retired. All this time the name of Mr. Timothy L Woodruff, who has twice been elected Lieutenant Governor of New York, was being mentioned, and he strengthened the impression by a campaigning tour in the West in which he proclaimed the Administration policy with eloquence and enthusiasm. Mr. Woodruff is about forty and is a millionaire. There are many possibilities among the Democrats, including Judge Henry Clay Caldwell, of Arkansas, who is popular with the working classes because of his anti trust and railroad decisions; George Fred Williams, of Boston, who has upheld the silver cause in New England; Amos J Cummings and William Sulzer, both members of Congress from New York; John R. McLean, recently the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and United States Senator Thomas B. Turley, of Tennessee, whose speech opposing the admission of Quay recently brought him into national prominence

The Presidential Conventions of 1900

As usual, the time of meeting of the various conventions varies considerably. The Populists will assemble at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on May 9, and on the same date the other Populist party, known as the Middle-of the Road Men, will hold a convention in Cincinnati

On June 19 the Republicans will meet in Philadelphia, the city which claims to be the home of the Republican party, where forty four years ago, at the first Republican Convention, the name of Abraham Lincoln was first mentioned as a candidate for the Presidency. Philadelphia gives to the Republican Campaign Committee the sum of $100,000 and provides entertainment on a large scale. The hall that will be used is the auditorium of the recent National Export Exposition, a magnificent hall that will accommodate many thousands of people

The Democrats will meet at Kansas City on July 4. There was a warm contest between Kansas City and Milwaukee for the honor of this convention. Kansas City won by superior inducements in the way of money and hospitality. The cash was a certified check for $50,000. The delegates will be entertained free and the headquarters will be furnished gratuitously, and there will be no rent for the hall, a great auditorium recently constructed, of admirable acoustic properties, and capable of seating 20,000 people

The Succession to the Presidency

Fifteen years ago the uncertainty about the Presidential succession was forever settled by a new law which is Chapter Four of the Acts of the Forty-ninth Congress, first session Before that time the succession passed from the Vice-President to the President *pro tempore* of the Senate

The new law fixed the succession as follows: Vice-President, Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of the Interior. It does not include the Secretary of Agriculture, for his office was created after the passage of the Act. However, it is not likely that he would ever be needed

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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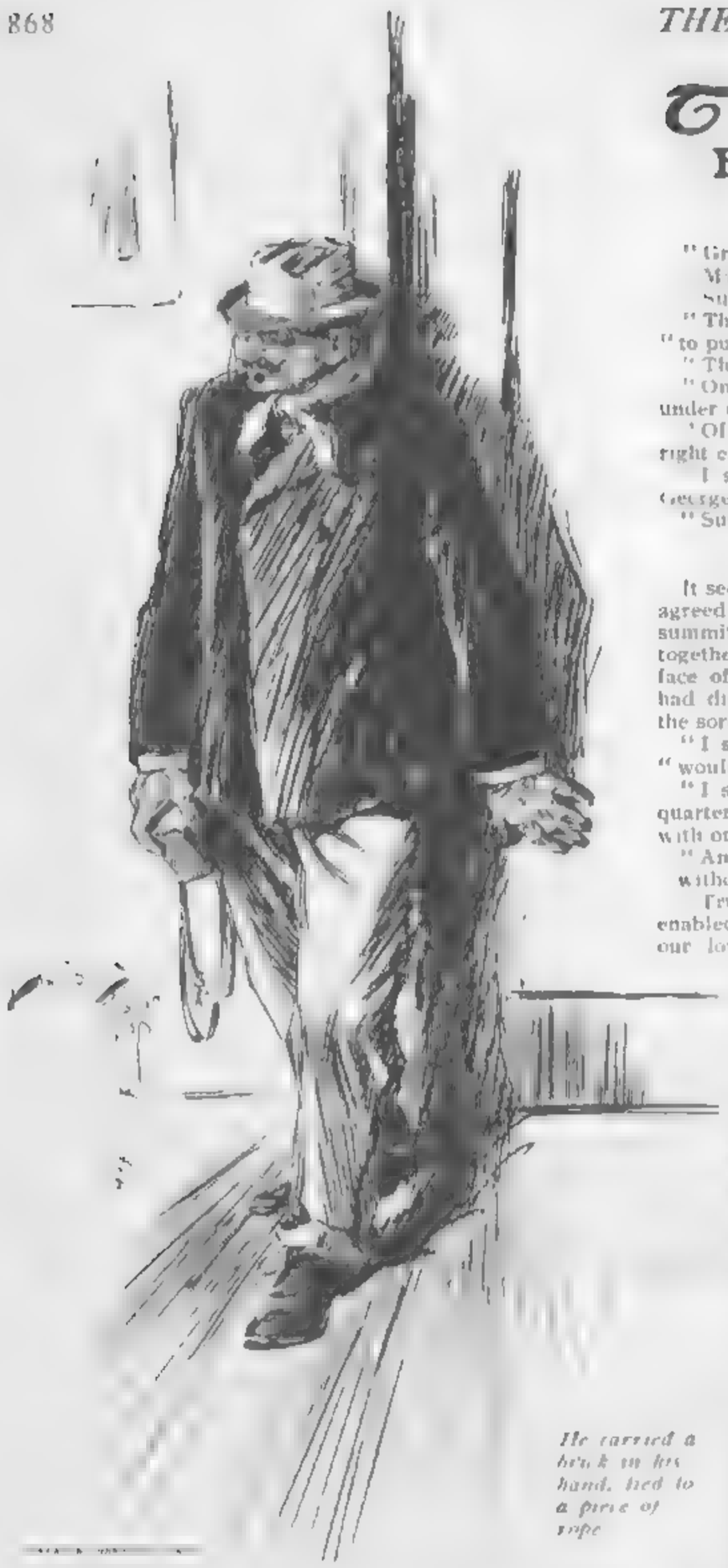


He carried a brick in his hand, tied to a piece of rope

The three men · Harris, G[illegible]l the anchor —are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A bicycle and a safety are the mounts. The route is through the Black Forest.

The Slave of the Brick

A THING that vexes much the high-class Anglo-Saxon soul is the earthly instinct prompting the German to fix a restaurant at the goal of every excursion. On mountain summit, in fairy glen, on lonely pass, by waterfall or winding stream, stands ever the busy Wirtschaft. How can one rhapsodize over a view when surrounded by beer stained tables? How lose one's self in historical reverie amid the odor of roast veal and spinach?

One day, on elevating thoughts intent, we climbed through tangled woods.

"And at the top," said Harris bitterly, as we paused to breathe a space and pull our belts a hole tighter, "there will be a gaudy restaurant, where people will be guzzling beefsteaks and plum tarts, and drinking white wine."

"Do you really think so?" said George.

"Sure to be," answered Harris; "you know their way. Not one grove will they consent to dedicate to solitude and contemplation. Not one height will they leave to the lover of Nature unpolluted by the gross and the material."

"I calculate," I remarked, "that we shall be there a little before one o'clock, provided we don't dawdle."

"The 'Mittagstisch' will be just ready," groaned Harris, "with possibly some of those little blue trout they catch about here. In Germany one never seems able to get away from food and drink. It is maddening!"

We pushed on, and in the beauty of the walk forgot our indignation. My estimate proved to be correct. At quarter to one, said Harris, who was leading:

"Here we are; I can see the summit."

"Any sign of that restaurant?" asked George.

"I don't notice it," replied Harris, "but it's there, you may be sure, confound it!"

Five minutes later we stood upon the top. We looked north, south, east and west; then we looked at one another.

"Grand view, isn't it?" exclaimed Harris.

"Magnificent!" I agreed.

"Superb!" remarked George.

"They have had the good sense for once," added Harris, "to put that restaurant out of sight."

"They do seem to have hidden it," said George.

"One doesn't mind the thing so much when it is not forced under one's nose," said Harris.

"Of course, in its place," I observed, "a restaurant is right enough."

"I should like to know where they have put it," said George.

"Suppose we look for it," said Harris, with inspiration.

■

It seemed a good suggestion. I felt curious myself. We agreed to explore in different directions, returning to the summit to report progress. In half an hour we stood together once again. There was no need for words. The face of one and all of us announced plainly that at last we had discovered a recess of German nature untarnished by the sordid suggestion of food or drink.

"I should never have believed it possible," said Harris; "would you?"

"I should say," I replied, "that this is the only square quarter of a mile in the entire Fatherland unprovided with one."

"And we three strangers have struck it," said George, without an effort.

"True," I observed; "by pure good fortune we are now enabled to feast our finer senses undisturbed by appeal to our lower nature. Observe the light upon those distant peaks; is it not ravishing?"

"Talking of Nature," said George, "which should you say was the nearest way down?"

"The road to the left," I replied, after consulting the guide book, "takes us to Sonnensteig—where, by the by, I observe the Golden Adler is well spoken of—in about two hours. The road to the right, though somewhat longer, commands more extensive prospects."

"One prospect," observed Harris, "is very much like another prospect; don't you think so?"

"Personally," said George, "I am going by the left hand road." And Harris and I went after him.

■

But we were not to get down so soon as we had anticipated. Storms come quickly in these regions, and before we had walked for quarter of an hour it became a question of seeking shelter or living for the rest of the day in soaked clothes. We decided on the former alternative, and selected a tree that under ordinary circumstances should have been ample protection. But a Black Forest thunderstorm is not an ordinary circumstance. We consoled ourselves at first by telling each [illegible] such rate it could not last long. Next we endeavored to comfort ourselves with the reflection that if it did we should soon be too wet to fear getting wetter.

"As it has turned out," said Harris, "I should have been almost glad if there had been a restaurant up here."

"I see no advantage in being both wet *and* hungry," said George. "I shall give it another [illegible] minutes, then I am going."

"These mountain solitudes," I remarked, "are very attractive in fine weather. On a rainy day, especially if you happen to be past the age when——"

■

At this point there hailed us a voice, proceeding from a stout gentleman who stood some fifty feet away from us, under a big umbrella.

"Won't you come inside?" asked the stout gentleman.

"Inside where?" I called back. I thought at first he was one of those fools that will try to be funny when there is nothing to be funny about.

"Inside the restaurant," he answered.

We left our shelter and made for him. We wished for further information about this thing.

"I did call to you from the window," said the stout gentleman, as we drew near to him, "but I suppose you did not hear me. This storm may last for another hour; you will get *so* wet." He was a kindly old gentleman; he seemed quite anxious about us.

I said: "It was very kind of you to [illegible]ut. We are not lunatics. We have [illegible] standing under that tree for the last half hour knowing all the time there was a restaurant within twenty yards of us. We had no idea we were anywhere near a restaurant."

"I thought maybe you hadn't," said the old gentleman, "that is why I came out."

It appeared that all the people in the inn had been watching us from the windows also, wondering why we stood there looking miserable. If it had not been for this nice old gentleman the fools would have stood watching us, I suppose, for the rest of the afternoon. The landlord excused himself by saying he thought we looked English. It is no figure of speech: on the Continent they do sincerely believe that every Englishman is mad. They are as convinced of it as is every English peasant that Frenchmen live on frogs. Even when one makes a direct personal effort to disabuse them of the impression one is not always successful.

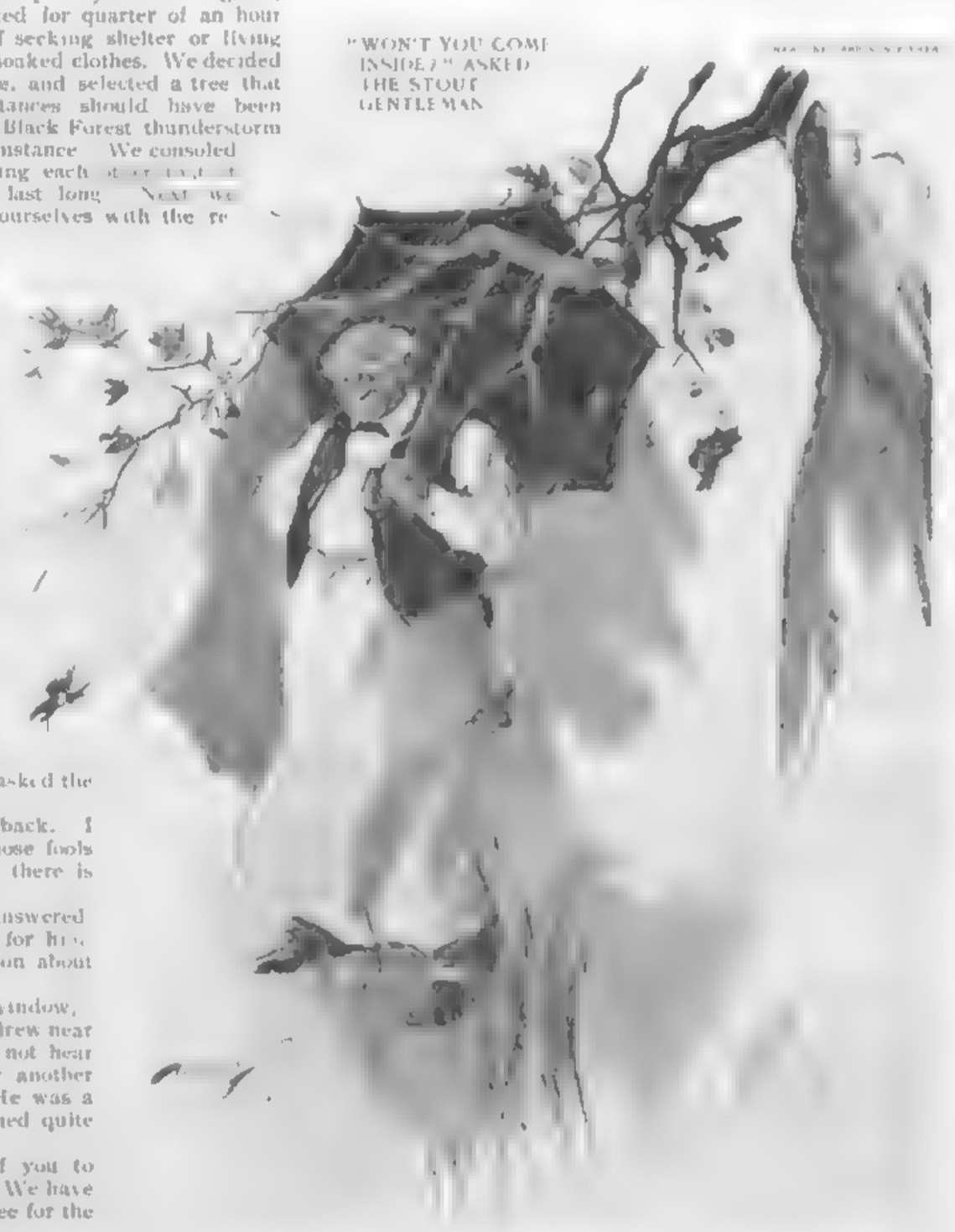
It was a comfortable little restaurant, where they cooked well, while the Tischwein was really most passable. We stopped there for a couple of hours, and dried ourselves, and fed ourselves, and talked about the view; and, just before we left, an incident occurred that shows how much more stirring in this world are the influences of evil as compared with those of good.

■

A traveler entered. He seemed a careworn man. He carried a brick in his hand, tied to a piece of rope. He entered nervously and hurriedly; closed the door carefully behind him; saw to it that it was fastened; peered out of the window long and earnestly; and then, with a sigh of relief, laid his brick upon the bench beside him and called for food and drink.

There was something mysterious about the whole affair. One wondered what he was going to do with the brick; why he had closed the door so carefully; why he had looked so anxiously from the window. But his aspect was too wretched to invite conversation, and we forebore, therefore, to ask him questions. As he ate and drank he grew more cheerful, sighed less often. Later, he stretched his legs, lit an evil smelling cigar, and puffed in calm contentment.

Then it happened. It happened too suddenly for any detailed conception of the thing to be possible. I recollect a Fraulein entering the room from the kitchen with a pan in her hand. I saw her cross to the outer door. The next moment the whole room was in an uproar. One was reminded of those pantomime transformation scenes where from among floating clouds, slow music, waving flowers and reclining fairies one is suddenly transported into the midst



Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

of shouting policemen tumbling over yelling babies, swells fighting pantaloons, sausages and harlequins, buttered slides, and clowns. As the Fräulein of the pan touched the door it flew open as though all the spirits of sin had been pressed against it, waiting. Two pigs and a chicken rushed into the room; a cat that had been sleeping on a beer barrel sputtered into fiery life. The Fräulein threw her pan into the air and lay down on the floor. The gentleman with the brick sprang to his feet, upsetting the table before him, with everything upon it

One looked to see the cause of this disaster; one discovered it at once in the person of a mongrel terrier with pointed ears and a squirrel's tail The landlord rushed out from another door, and attempted to kick him out of the room Instead, he kicked one of the pigs, the fatter of the two. It was a vigorous, well-planted kick, and the pig got the whole of it: none of it was wasted. One felt sorry for the poor animal, but no amount of sorrow any one else might feel for him could compare with the sorrow he felt for himself. He stopped running about. He sat down in the middle of the room and appealed to the solar system generally to observe this unjust thing that had come upon him. They must have heard his complaint in the valleys round about and have wondered what upheaval of Nature was taking place among the hills.

As for the hen, it scuttled, screaming, every way at once. It was a marvelous bird; it seemed to be able to run up a straight wall quite easily; and it and the cat between them fetched down mostly everything that was not already on the floor. In less than forty seconds there were nine people in that room, all trying to kick one dog. Possibly, now and again, one or another may have succeeded, for occasionally the dog would stop barking in order to howl. But it did not discourage him. 'Everything has to be paid for, he evidently argued, even a pig and chicken hunt; and, on the whole, the game was worth it

Besides, he had the satisfaction of observing that for every kick he received most other living things in the room got two. As for the unfortunate pig—the stationary one, the one that still sat lamenting in the centre of the room—he must have averaged a steady four. Trying to kick this dog was like playing football with a ball that was never there—not when you went to kick it, but after you had started to kick it, and had gone too far to stop yourself, so that the kick had to go on in any case, your only hope being that your foot would find something or another solid to stop it, and so save you from sitting down on the floor, noisily and completely. When any one did kick the dog it was by pure accident, when they were not expecting to kick him, and, generally speaking, this took them so unawares that after kicking him they fell over him. And everybody, every half minute, would be certain to fall over the pig—the sitting pig, the one incapable of getting out of anybody's way

How long the scrimmage might have lasted it is impossible to say. It was ended by the judgment of George. For a while he had been seeking to catch, not the dog, but the remaining pig, the one still capable of activity. Cornering it at last, he persuaded it to cease running round the room and, instead, to take a spin outside It shot through the door with one long wail

We always desire the thing we have not. One pig, a chicken, nine people and a cat were as nothing in that dog's opinion, compared with the quarry that was disappearing. Unwisely, he darted after it, and George closed the door upon him and shot the bolt.

Then the landlord stood up and surveyed all the things that were lying on the floor

"That's a playful dog of yours," said he to the man who had come in with the brick

"He is not my dog," replied the man sullenly

"Whose dog is it, then?" said the landlord

"I don't know whose dog it is," answered the man, "That won't do for me, you know," said the landlord, picking up a picture of the German Emperor and wiping beer from it with his sleeve,

"I know it won't," replied the man; "I never expected it would I'm tired of telling people it isn't my dog. None of them believe me."

"What do you want to go about with him for if he's not your dog?" said the landlord. "What's the attraction about him?"

"I don't go about with him," replied the man; "he goes about with me. He picked me up this morning at ten o'clock and he won't leave me. I thought I had got rid of him when I came in here. I left him busy killing a duck more than a quarter of an hour away. I'll have to pay for that, I expect, on my way back."

"Have you tried throwing stones at him?" asked Harris.

"Have I tried throwing stones at him!" replied the man contemptuously. "I've been throwing stones at him till my arm aches with throwing stones; and he thinks it's a game, and brings them back to me. I've been carrying this beastly brick about with me for over an hour in the hope of being able to drown him, but he never comes near enough for me to get hold of him. He just sits six inches out of my reach with his mouth open and looks at me."

"It's the funniest story I've heard for a long while," said the landlord.

"Glad it amuses somebody," said the man

We left him helping the landlord to pick up the broken things, and went our way. A dozen yards outside the door the faithful animal was waiting for his friend. He looked tired, but contented. He was evidently a dog of strange and sudden fancies, and we feared for the moment lest he might take a liking to us. But he let us pass with indifference His loyalty to this unresponsive man was touching, and we made no attempt to undermine it

Having completed to our satisfaction the Black Forest, we journeyed on our wheels to Munster, whence we started a short exploration of the Vosges range, where, according to the present German Emperor, humanity stops

The fruiterer and greengrocer is a person unknown in the Vosges. Most things of that kind grow wild, and are to be had for the picking. It is difficult to keep to any program when walking through the Vosges, the temptation on a hot day to stop and eat fruit generally being too strong for resistance. Raspberries, the most delicious I have ever tasted, wild strawberries, currants and gooseberries grow upon the hillsides as blackberries by English lanes. The Vosges small boy is not called upon to rob an orchard; he can make himself ill without sin. Orchards exist in the valleys in plenty, but to trespass into one for the purpose of stealing fruit would be as foolish as for a fish to try and get into a swimming bath without paying. Still, of course, mistakes do occur.

For a while he had been seeking to catch, not the dog, but the remaining pig

One afternoon in the course of a climb we emerged upon a plateau where we lingered perhaps too long, eating more fruit than may have been good for us; it was so plentiful around us, so varied. We commenced with a few late strawberries, and from those we passed to raspberries. Then Harris found a green gage tree with some early fruit upon it, just perfect.

"This is about the best thing we have struck," said George, "we had better make the most of this." Which we did.

"It's a pity," said Harris, "that the poor people are so hard"

He grieved about this for a while, but later I came across some remarkably fine yellow plums, and these consoled him somewhat.

"I suppose we are still a bit too far north for pineapples said George. "I feel I could just enjoy a fresh pineapple. This commonplace fruit palls upon one after a while."

"Too much bush fruit and not enough tree is the fault I find," said Harris. "Myself, I should have liked a few more green gages."

"Here is a man coming up the hill," I observed, "who looks like a native. Maybe he will know where we can find some more green gages."

"He walks well for an old chap," remarked Harris.

He certainly was climbing the hill at a remarkable pace. Also, so far as we were able to judge at that distance, he appeared to be in a remarkably cheerful mood, singing and shouting at the top of his voice and waving his arms.

"What a merry old soul it is," said Harris; "it does one good to watch him. But why does he carry his stick over his shoulder? Why doesn't he use it to help him up the hill?"

"Do you know, I don't think it is a stick," said George

"What can it be then?" asked Harris

"Well, it looks to me," said George, "more like a gun

"You don't think we can have made a mistake?" suggested Harris. "You don't think this can be anything in the nature of a private orchard?"

I said: "Do you remember the sad thing that happened in the South of France some two years ago? A soldier asked some cherries as he passed a house, and the French peasant to whom the cherries belonged came out and without a word of warning shot him dead.'

"But surely you are not allowed to shoot a man dead for picking fruit, even in France?" said George

"Of course not," I answered. "It was quite illegal The only excuse offered by his counsel was that he was of a highly excitable disposition, and especially keen about those particular cherries."

"I recollect something about the case," said Harris, "now you mention it. I believe the district in which it happened—the 'Commune,' as I think it is called—had to pay heavy compensation to the relatives of the deceased soldier, which was only fair

George said "I am tired of this place Besides, it's getting late"

Harris said: "If he goes at that rate he will fall and hurt himself. Besides, I don't believe he knows the way."

I felt lonesome up there all by myself, with nobody to speak to. Besides, not since I was a boy, I reflected, had I enjoyed a run down a really steep hill. I thought I would see if I could revive the sensation. It is a jerky exercise, but good, I should say, for the liver

We slept that night at Barr, a pleasant little town, on the way to St. Ottilienberg, an interesting old inn among the mountains, where you are waited upon by real nuns and your bill made out by a priest Just before supper a tourist entered. He looked English, but spoke a language the like of which I had never heard before. Yet it was an elegant and fine-sounding language. The landlord stared at him blankly; the landlady shook her head He sighed, and tried another, which somehow recalled to me forgotten memories, though at the time I could not fix it. But again nobody understood him

"This is damnable," he said aloud to himself

"Ah, you are English," exclaimed the landlord

"And Monsieur looks tired," added the kindly little landlady; "Monsieur will have supper."

They both spoke English excellently, nearly as well as they spoke French and German, and they bustled about and made him comfortable. At supper he sat next to me, and I talked to him

"Tell me," I said—I was curious on the subject—"what language was it you spoke when you first came in?"

"German," he explained. "You did not understand it?"

"It must have been my fault," I answered, "my knowledge is limited. One picks up a little here and there as one goes about, but of course that is a different thing"

"But *they* did not understand it," he replied, "the landlord and his wife; and it is their own language"

"I do not think so," I said "The children hereabout speak German, it is true, and our landlord and landlady know German to a certain point. But throughout Alsace and Lorraine the old people still talk French."

"And I spoke to them in French also," he added, "and they understood that no better."

"It is certainly very curious," I agreed

"It is more than curious," he replied; "in my case it is incomprehensible. I possess a diploma for modern languages. I won my scholarship purely on the strength of my French and German. The purity of my pronunciation was considered at my college to be quite remarkable. Can you explain it?"

"I think I can," I replied. "Your pronunciation is too faultless. You remember what the Scotsman said when for the first time in his life he tasted real whiskey. 'It may be pure, but I canna drink it'; so it is with your German. It strikes one less as a language than as an exhibition. If I might offer advice, I should say: mispronounce as much as possible, and throw in as many mistakes as you can."

It is the same everywhere. Each country keeps a special pronunciation exclusively for the use of foreigners; a pronunciation they never dream of using themselves, that they cannot understand when it is used

Putting aside the sufferings of the early martyrs, few men, I suppose, have gone through more than I myself went through in trying to attain the correct pronunciation of the German word for "church"—"kirche" Long before I had done with it I had determined never to go to church in Germany rather than be bothered with it

"No no," my teacher would explain—he was a painstaking gentleman—"you say it as if it were spelled k i r-c h k e. There is no k. It is——" And he would illustrate to me again, for the twentieth time that morning

"You say it from your throat," he would explain. "I want you to say it from down here," and with a fat forefinger he would indicate the region from where I was to start. After painful efforts resulting in sounds suggestive of anything rather than a place of worship, I would excuse myself

"I really fear it is impossible," I would say. "You see, for years I have always talked with my mouth, as it were; I never knew a man could talk with his stomach. I doubt if it is not too late now for me to learn"

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The Growing Appreciation of American Art

RECENT sales of pictures in New York—notably the Evans and Clarke collections—have awakened many of the American people to the fact that America has an art. There has been a reluctance to recognize even the best of our painters, and men for whose work connoisseurs now strive against one another at the auctions were but a few years ago compelled to sell important canvases for the price of "pot boilers," and were sometimes in the clutch of absolute poverty. It is a common fate. While they lived, the "men of '30" in France were misunderstood, and were poor, almost to their last days, whereas fortunes are now paid for quite ordinary examples of Millet, Troyon, Diaz, Dupré and Rousseau. Even gentle old "Papa" Corot used to complain that he could not give his pictures away, unless framed.

With our American painters the advance of appreciation, as indicated by the advance in values of their works, has been more rapid; but prices have been commonly stimulated by the death of an artist, and in some instances they have risen to purely fanciful figures. Inness, fortunately, reached almost the height of his renown while he still lived, and his impetuous, light-filled landscapes came to be as well known and as highly valued abroad as they were in his own country. Winslow Homer, who paints the sea with epic strength, and whose figures have Homeric qualities of largeness, lives honored and prosperous. Tryon, Walker, Thayer, Bogert, Dessar, La Farge, Minor and Ochtman have come into celebrity and a measure of its reward while in their prime. But they are exceptions. Homer Martin, who died recently, never received more than one hundred and fifty dollars for a canvas, it is said, and had difficulty in selling his pictures at any price. At the Evans sale his pictures sold for thousands of dollars. The late A. H. Wyant was moderately successful, but he could not have dreamed of the vogue his work was to enjoy. Not long ago a picture of his, simple and not quite finished, was sold for about seventy-five dollars by a fellow-artist, who owned it. It disappeared from view for a time, but at the Evans sale it brought over $2500.

The art of our country has passed its tentative stage, and is secure. If it has not crystallized into a school, so much the better for this means a wider liberty of manner and greater diversity and interest. Our Hudson River painters of forty years ago were the only artists who were sufficiently alike in their style and aims to class as a school: Cole, Casilear, Kensett, Church, Durand, Hubbard and their confrères. Their successors paint more freely, with more light, more color, more grace and an airier fancy. They have ceased to copy Dusseldorf, with its mannered subject, hard detail and juiceless color, and have studied in the greater schools of Paris, Munich, and, greatest of all, of Nature. In subject and manner the art of this land is catholic. It is dignified and serious in its best exemplars, and both in expression and workmanship has made a wondrous advance within twenty years. The technical and self conscious have given place to the poetic. There is a note of healthy optimism in American art that we miss in recent pictures from the Old World.

In time our artists will agree as to the wisdom of painting native themes more generally. The French peasant, with his blue blouse and wooden shoes, has become a trifle wearisome, and we are disposed with a warmer affection toward our own rustics, for they can be quite as picturesque and are commonly less sordid. Our landscape has a greater range in vegetation, color, form and atmosphere than all Europe affords, and the sea rolls as grandly against the rocks of Maine as against the cliffs of France. Let the Germans and Spaniards paint their own countries and their own people, for, be sure, they will do it better than we, and let the beauty and greatness of our land, the poetry of our legends, the virtues of our home life and the triumphs of our history find place in the art of our people. He who fitly interprets these will receive the acclaim of the American public, for art is not for the few. A vital art is the concern, the solace, of the whole people—the expression of their best ideals.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER

Man always proclaims woman's superiority, but seldom admits it.

One of the Seven Deadly Sins

LAZY people will hail with peculiar satisfaction certain joyful tidings from Paris. One of the leading journals of that great city has completed the study of laziness from a scientific standpoint, and the Medical Review summarizes the results as follows: "The conclusions reached are that it is essentially a mild chronic neurasthenic state which, like most neuroses of this character, is largely hereditary. It is consolingly stated that lazy persons are almost always neuropaths; hence they are not responsible for their unfortunate condition. This places laziness and inactivity along with inebriety, kleptomania and various other perversions, as real diseases of the nervous system, and not simply infirmities of will." In other words, the blame is placed on the ancestors, who, being dead, cannot sue for slander.

Of course, when a disease is discovered a remedy must be found, and hence the next step of investigation is to furnish an antitoxin that will rid humanity of this calamity. There can be no question that a lazy person is the most deplorable and the most unutterable nuisance on earth. We can have a certain respect for a rascal, but a lazy individual arouses in the healthy mind only contempt and repugnance. If by some happy circumstances we might cure or kill all lazy people, this old earth with all its sins would immediately be brought several millions of miles nearer Paradise. Possibly the millennium might come at once.

If laziness is a disease it is the most prevalent ailment of the ages. Ordinary contagions are nothing in comparison with it. Bubonic plagues and cholera epidemics are to it as germs to elephants. All the ills of the frame compounded together cannot equal it. Years ago Burton wrote: "Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases." Cicero looked upon indolence as a sort of suicide. Franklin compared sloth to rust that consumes faster than labor wears. The testimony of other good men in every age and clime has been that laziness is the worst foe to everything that is worthy and useful in life.

The chief mischief of the new discovery is that it will encourage the lazy people in their worthlessness. When they lie around the house while others not so strong as they do the work, they will place the responsibility upon the disease and not upon their own incompetence. Like the cowards they are, they will shirk and will seek any excuse. And the trouble will be that even if the right serum is found they will not want to take it. They do not care to be cured. They do not want to work. They simply desire to live off of other people, and in the final analysis it may yet be found that laziness is a great deal more than a disease—it is a crime.

Just think how much antitoxin it would take to treat all the lazy patients in the world! A good-sized ocean of it might do for a beginning, and after that—but lazy people simply do not want to be cured, and what's the use?

It is true the doctors may do something, but they will never make a better diagnosis than Benjamin Franklin did more than one hundred years ago when he wrote: "It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the grave!"

If lazy people only did all their sleeping in the grave it might be all right, but so long as they are on earth it makes a difference. Possibly the doctors will go on until they discover the necessity of hospitals for the scientific treatment of laziness. Then if the money is forthcoming, look out for the biggest building boom the world ever saw!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

That opportunities, like marriages, are made in Heaven, and dealt out one to each man, is a fallacy as old as mythology.

The Business and Art of Living

"HIS own eye stands in his light," said old John Earle nearly four hundred years ago. Was he looking forward? Montaigne, who always set frankness before diplomacy, and yet was a most wary and wily man, said, "My business and my art is to live." Most of us could say the same thing, and add to it that day by day the difficulty of our business and our art grows more and more serious.

It is a familiar remark, heard on all sides, that happy marriage is practically prohibited to the poor and ambitious young men of our country, by reason of the tremendous competition in all the fields of labor, the consequent uncertainty of employment, and the inadequacy of wages to the increased demands of a happy domestic life. This may be true, if we grant that the increased demands are necessary, and if it can be shown that the certainty of employment and the rewards of labor have actually decreased. But if we go back to pioneer days, and carefully note conditions then, we shall be able to trace the general history of the "art and business" of living down, through all its changes, to the present moment, with a primitive criterion for our measure of difficulties.

When a young man who got married had to build a cabin with his own hands, clear a little farm in the wilderness, and begin matrimonial bliss sandwiched between the chances of starvation or the tooth and claw of a wild beast, and having himself and his bride scalped by savages, there surely were not many advantages that he could count in his favor which would be considered valuable by the poorest youth of our day. His business and art was to live in spite of hardships too enormous for pleasant consideration in the light of electric lamps. He got pleasure out of conditions so crude, meagre and sapless that we cannot find them even romantic while we are thundering along by steam at the rate of sixty miles an hour. We do not relish comparison with our grandfathers and grandmothers. What have those old fogies, with their flintlock guns and home-made spinning-wheels, to do with us?

It doubtless is true that every tub must keep itself from falling to staves if it would hold water—each generation must see to its own business and art of life; but there are some changeless and eternal canons of conduct looking toward genuine human happiness. One of them is mutual self sacrifice for matrimony's sake. Love in a cottage may be out of date; but it is not abolished. No reasonably intelligent and shifty young man need nowadays live in a log cabin daubed with clay during his honeymoon; but the trouble in his path is that he cannot have a private palace car and a steam yacht in which to make a wedding tour.

A grizzly and finely preserved octogenarian told the other day, in a pleasantly reminiscent and garrulous mood, how he contracted to split rails for the minister who married him.

"I was nineteen when I took a wife," he said, "and my two hands were my capital, my only source of income. So I was glad to agree to split three hundred rails to pay the preacher for performing the marriage ceremony. The fun of it was that I finished the rail job in one day, when a fair day's work would have been two hundred rails. Seeing how easy had been the performance of my contract, the good parson declared that I had cheated him, and the upshot was that I had to satisfy him by splitting a hundred more rails than the agreement called for!" Young men of our time would consider long before beginning the business and art of life under such conditions. When asked what wages he received during the first year of his married life the old man said: "Oh, I was an extra good worker; I got fifteen dollars a month."

It may be, after all, that we have a much easier life, and a far better prospect, than had any generation of men and women in all the past; but have we the optimism and the courage?

Our "business and art is to live"; but we want royal business and kingly art. Our own eyes stand in our light.

—MAURICE THOMPSON

There are a million health hints, but if you keep the head cool and the feet warm you will not need many of the other 999,998.

Facing Both Ways on the War

I MET a friend the other day and asked him what he thought of the Boer war.

"Well, it's a hard question to answer offhand. My ancestors on both sides were English who came over in the Mayflower, and that would naturally make me sympathize with the English, for blood is thicker than water. But on the other hand, my great-grandfather gave his life in the Revolution fighting for liberty, and so I naturally want to sympathize with a people who are fighting for their homes, but on the other hand, the Boers are frightfully cruel and they keep slaves, and as my father died on the Union side in the Civil War, I can't exactly side with people of that sort. And yet, on the other hand, when I think that the British are probably in this fight for what they can get out of the mines, why I naturally want to see the Boers triumph. On the other hand, if the Boers win it will set the clock of civilization at a standstill in South Africa for two hundred years, so of course, on that account, the English ought to win. And yet, on the other hand, if success goes to the best fighters, why, so far, the plucky Boers have deserved it. But on the other hand, when you consider that the Boers are at home and have all their reserve force close at hand, while the English are thousands of miles away from home, and are fighting under adverse conditions, I have a natural feeling of sympathy for what you might call the under dog, and I would like them to gain the victory. So you see I am what you might call a liquid neutral, with sympathies running to both sides."

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Americans *in* Paris

LAST year—or, as the German Emperor would say, last century—shares of the Exposition of 1900 were sold throughout France. Each share was worth twenty francs, and carried with it by way of premium twenty tickets of admission to the Exposition. In all, 3,250,000 shares were sold, calling for 65,000,000 tickets. The distribution began early in January, and will continue during the Exposition. The tickets are very artistic. They are printed on pale blue paper, light but strong. On the obverse is a head of Minerva, and a view of the new Alexandra III bridge, and the avenue leading to the Art Palace. On the reverse is the head of the beautiful woman that figures on the new French coinage, and the date 1900. The mere weight of this first issue of shareholders' tickets is 64,000 pounds

The ordinary tickets, which will be sold at the various gates of the Exposition, are similar in design, and differ only in color. By day the entrance fee is one franc—or twenty cents—and by night twice that amount. And this, it should be borne in mind, admits one to every part of the grounds You may, if you wish, enter at nine o'clock in the morning and remain until midnight, all for that one insignificant franc; you may cross from one side of the river to the other, and may wander where you please. There are, to be sure, certain attractions on the Exposition grounds that charge a second admission—theatres, concerts, panoramas, catch penny shows of this sort and that—but, as far as seeing the Exposition itself is concerned, one need spend only that twenty cents. And an economy so delightful as this is should make us all rich before the six months' revelry is over

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE CLAY HORSES

RUE BOILEAU; a large studio—large enough to wheel a coach and six in; a glass roof and a glass north wall through which the winter wanders in at will; in the centre of the studio a huge plaster chariot; near by, mounted on their scaffoldings, four ramping plaster horses—five times larger than life. Two French stoves of the biggest sort—and they are not very big—are blazing their best, while a heart-broken boy (think, then, coal is sixteen dollars the ton here!) is shoveling in unlimited coal. Still it is cold—freezing cold. The plaster hide of the ramping horses is crinkling into all kinds of queer patterns. And it is midnight

Even as the bells of Notre Dame of Auteuil tell the hour the door opens, and a bearded sculptor and his assistants come rushing in with armfuls of blankets and quilts, overcoats and furs, and they wrap up the ramping horses as though they were croupy babies. All the while the chariot is freezing on its wheels. The sculptor sees a crack running up its carved front. He dashes back to his house, reappears with the drawing-room rugs and the bear's peau de peluche. He takes off his coat and wraps it around the chilled tail of a rearing charger. Always the little French stoves are blazing away and the heart broken boy shovels in coal. Out of doors it grows colder and all the cold night air sifts into the glass-roofed studio.

It was one o'clock—by the bell of Notre Dame—when the man who writes these true words was startled out of his bed by a mighty clanging at his door bell. He opened "A note from Monsieur Proctor, sir—it's a matter of life and death" And the man who writes these true words read:

> "For Heaven's sake send me all your blankets and coats and rugs and furs the horses are freezing to death.
>
> "PROCTOR

And the man who writes these true words sent them, and for the rest of the night he slept on the kitchen stove and dreamed fitfully of art. Rome was saved by geese; I like to think that I saved the quadriga—chariot, horses and all—that is to look riverward from the United States building during the Exposition of 1900.

A TURN IN THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

A DECADE or two ago it was the pretty fashion for adventurous young people who had just been married to take walking tours along the white roads of France or through the green world of Northern Italy. The bicycle killed all that Now, in turn, the automobile has superseded the wheel.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr, has been telling friends in Paris about the joyous jaunt that he and his bride, who was Miss Virginia Fair, took in the south of France on their *lenf-lenf*. They started from Nice and journeyed to Biarritz and back again. It was a three weeks' trip, for they traveled as pleased them best. Here they would stop at a wayside inn, stable the automobile, and spend a day or two living the life of the peasants, and then they would journey on; now and then their machine, with the inevitable contrariety of inanimate things, would break down. Three times this happened. Then, if Mr. Vanderbilt could not tinker it up himself, the young couple would push the machine on to the next town. All these adventures, and many others, should be pleasant to remember in the days when they "go no more a-roving" For, after all, the best of life is looking back

MARQUISE WENTWORTH'S PORTRAIT OF THE POPE

WHEN the papal nuncio died here in Paris a few weeks ago, the Marquise de Wentworth had just finished painting his portrait, and, at the Pope's request, it will be forwarded to Rome. A few years ago the Marquise—she was Miss Went[illegible]rth then—was visiting in Rome. Although she [illegible]ed, except as an amateur, her talent was [illegible] friends. Her portraits began to be talked about, and the Pope asked to see her work. A few weeks later he commissioned her to paint his portrait—that famous "White Pope," now in the Vatican. In return Mrs. Wentworth received a check and a patent of nobility. She gave the check to charity and kept the title. After that many of the Cardinals asked the Marquise de Wentworth to paint their portraits. She consented, but the prices she charged would have made Carolus Duran himself envious All this money—and there was a great deal of it—she has devoted to charities and church work. Here in Paris her salon is very notable. You meet there the new aristocrac and the old, the young dancing men of the British and American Embassies, American Countesses and Italian Princes. It is a little like a page from Bourget's Cosmopolis

And Madame la Marquise says: "Mr. Wentworth is coming over for the Exposition

CUTTING OUT FOR FAME AT SEVENTEEN

A RECEPTION at the "English and American Home" in the Avenue Wagram; an address by Miss Mitchell, the honorary secretary; a message from Mrs. Travers Lewis, the founder of the home; songs by Miss Florence Burton, of Philadelphia—selections from Traviata, and Meyerbeer's L'Etoile du Nord; good words from hundreds of the American colonists. It is quite the thing to do something for this home for English-speaking strangers, and indeed the work is admirable. You would be surprised if you knew how many "strangers" there are here—young girls, young men, people of all sorts, who come blithely up to Paris. And they need a home. Only the other day I went to Havre to meet an incoming American steamer. The friend I expected did not come, but I saw a young American girl tangled up in the formalities of the custom house. She could speak no French, and I went to her assistance. And this was her story: She had been sent by her parents from Chicago to Paris alone—to study music. She had the address of a music teacher whom she knew only by name she had only money enough to last her a week in some cheap boarding-house—though of course more was to be sent her—and she was not yet seventeen years old, had never been away from home, and could not speak a word of French I do not like to think of those parents of hers, the least one can say is that they must be simple minded people.

PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE A TRANSATLANTIC BRIDGE

Only a few days ago a subscription paper was passed about in the American colony. It was for the benefit of an American woman and her two children They were starving in one of the cheap hotels of the Latin Quarter. Now, this woman was a widow, whose husband's death had left her without support. She had a schoolgirl knowledge of French, and a schoolgirl proficiency in playing the piano So she had come to Paris to support herself and her two children—by giving music lessons! I trust she is safe home again by this time

These two instances may give you an idea of the need there is for a home for vagrom Americans in this city

And after the Exposition is over

Think of the hundreds of adventurous Americans who will come over here, "rich on saxpence," as the Scots say, to find themselves after a while wishing there were a bridge from Havre to New York. Somehow or other, when the American doesn't know what else to do he comes to Paris. The young writer, the young painter, the young musician—with a faith that would be sublime if it were not ridiculous—seem to think they have but to reach Paris to win fame and fortune. Well, happily there is the Home, and a half score American churches, and General Horace Porter, and an American colony that has a free way with its purse strings

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

After a careful perusal of the numerous articles published in your paper from time to time, regarding the way to success in life, and centring my whole ambition and study therein, I submit to you a synopsis of the various articles, which, if closely followed will be the means of enabling any young man to attain his desired end. I should advise every young man to firmly fix these sentences on his mind

1. Live Nature and listen to advice with open heart.
2. Earn a little; spend a little less
3. Hurry never
4. Be cautious
5. Keep your wits about you always
6. Preserve and develop staying powers.
7. Never misrepresent
8. Place yourself in the other man's place.
9. Undertake one thing at a time.
10. Do it completely.
11. Explain things just as they are.
12. Never exaggerate
13. Never avoid conversation
14. Consider before speaking
15. Control the body, force yourself to action; never idle.
16. Don't eat too much.

[illegible]

22. Be earnest, punctual, ambitious, correct, contented.
23. Have a clear conscience

CHARLES A. SCHWEIGERT.

Buffalo, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I would like to say a few words to a writer who had a letter in a recent POST. His imaginary young man, it seems to me, represents a class wanting a great deal in a very short time, and wanting it "bad."

I consider three dollars a week for a green boy of fifteen and ten dollars at twenty-one very fair pay, considering his frequent changes.

If I may be pardoned for speaking personally, will state that I started to work at ten years of age in a printing office, with a six months' orphan asylum education—all the schooling I ever had—and at eighteen came to Baltimore, a total stranger green as a gourd. I was glad to get a four-dollar the week position to sweep out, etc, in a wholesale store with eighteen employees, seven of whom were sons or nephews of the senior member of the firm

That was seventeen years ago. The senior member is now dead, the sons are all out and but one nephew remains The business has trebled in volume The young man to whom I was turned over for instructions is still with us at fifteen dollars the week. I would gladly double his wages if he would only learn more about the business. Maybe your correspondent's young man's employer felt the same wa

People rarely blame themselves for failure. They don't like to.

Your correspondent's young man "changed from one business to another and is now master of none." The latter condition of course follows the former.

He asks, "What will become of him? Who cares? Who knows?" It all depends on the young man himself. The city will take care of him if it must, or he can earn his own living, and maybe a great deal more; but he won't get it until he does earn it, unless misfortune should make him heir to some one else's earnings.

An humble calling can be ennobled by the manner of following it.

"Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed," and we should probably add, "how to work for it." Every one does not—[illegible] not know how to work Some can never learn Many can

"The born dwarf never grows to middle size," but acorns grow to oaks.

Now, did this young man study his business?

Did he read his trade papers?

Did he work as hard as he could?

Did he come early and go late, or come late and go early?

Did he trust or mistrust his employer?

Did he attract or repel business?

Was he always polite, earnest and alert?

Were his ideas always in advance of his salary?

And how did he spend his evenings?—with books or billiards?

Baltimore, Maryland. A. BATTLE.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Like any other young man with all of life before, with many good positions open to him who is fortunate enough to get one and capable and ambitious enough to hold it, I do not despise financial success

The aim of these articles is to show [illegible] business, in learning business, or in the [illegible] if I understand it right, but some of their [illegible] to [illegible] the highest attainable point of *real* moral s

Now if all men were of the same quality and [illegible] amount of genius in their chosen vocations this might be more nearly true, but even then opportunities and health would have to be considered, and, I sometimes think, ambition, for I believe some are born lazy

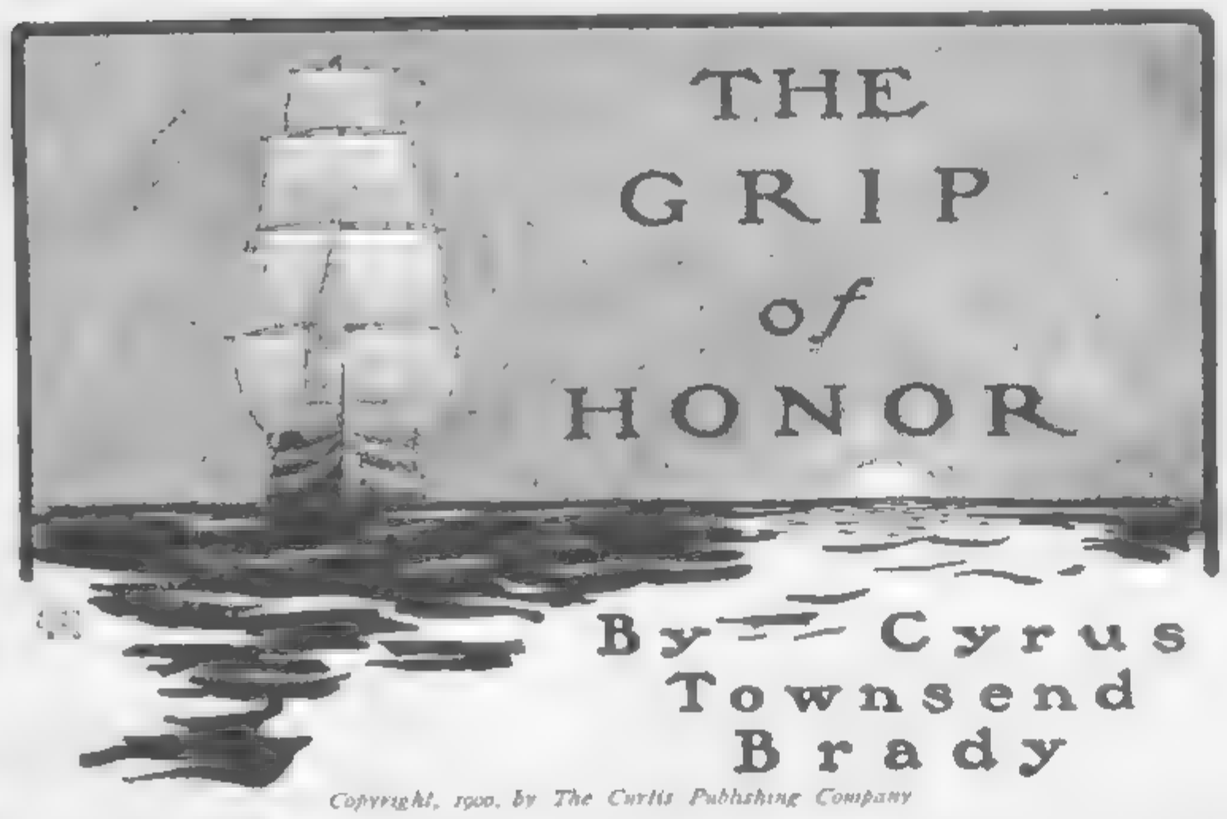
The young man that does the best he can with the talents and opportunities he has, whether he rises or not, is truly a success. To conquer one's self and to rise above the temptations of greed and passion is as great a success as any man ever attained. To succeed in business financially may or may not be success. To enjoy money one must learn how to use it as well as to earn it, for of all the many failures in life the stingy man is among the worst

The idea I wish to convey is this: that you cannot judge a young man's failure or success by how great a business he may or may not conduct or by the amount of money he accumulates, but by how much good he may do with the talents or the money he has. It is not the hoe, but the man behind the hoe, not the President's chair, but the man in the chair that makes success or failure

The poorest man with his heart and ambitions far above his humble position is certainly grander than the richest man who sees no more beauty than is in his position or loves no music better than the rattle of his useless dollars

"Joy is wealth," and happiness is success, to make others happy is a sure way not to fail. W. H. LEONARD.

Battle Creek, Michigan



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Twelfth Chapter—*Continued*

ELIZABETH, realizing the hopelessness of her lover's plight, stood terror stricken at the Admiral's words.

"It is right, sir," said O'Neill. "I submit—and if you would make me die happy, say that the hideous proposition I have had from you was but the test of my honor."

"Oh, sir!" cried Elizabeth in agony, throwing herself upon her knees before the Admiral, "forgive me for my wild, intemperate speech; I know not what I say, you have been a father to me from the beginning, and I have ever loved you as one—I have turned to you for everything. Unsay your words. Retract this order. You cannot condemn this honest gentleman. Dispose of me as you will. I love him—I love him! Aye, let the truth be heard—even for his rejection of me. Nay, had he not done so I would have hated him. Spare his life! I will marry Edward; do anything you wish. Grant me this boon."

"I cannot," said the Admiral slowly. "I pity you, from my soul I do, and him as well, but I dare not. There is but one thing that would excuse my clemency to His Majesty—the alternative he has nobly [illegible]. Die he must, or give up his [illegible]."

"A thousand deaths rather than that!" answered O'Neill. "Rise, Lady Elizabeth, your appeal is vain. Rejoicing in your approval of my act, thankful to God that I have heard you say, 'I love you,' I shall die [illegible]."

■

"No, no!" said the girl, spreading her arms protectingly before him and then throwing herself upon his breast, "you cannot die; you shall not die! Oh, my love, my love, I knew not until I heard you speak what this feeling was. I cannot let you go! Surely you would never be so cruel as to part us now?" she cried brokenly, looking back at the impassive old man. His hands were steady enough now, they never trembled but from shame. "What has he done? He came here to see me—me alone—to take me in his arms as he holds me now, and you condemn him to death for that. Did you never love when you were young? They whispered that it was my mother who had your heart. They told me that she was unhappy because they forced you apart. 'Twas to you she confided me. Have pity; in her name, have mercy!"

"Enough!" said the Admiral. "It is not that I will not, but that I cannot. He has chosen; he must die."

"Then may death come to me," said Elizabeth, "because for all eternity I love [illegible]."

"And this," broke in the cold, stern voice of Major Coventry, who had entered the room at this moment, "is the welcome I receive from my bride of to-morrow; and this is the reward of the efforts I have made to secure the enlargement of the Marquis de Richemont, my friend! May God have pity on me—my sweetheart and my friend!"

"Sir," said O'Neill brokenly, "I crave your forgiveness. I knew that she was yours—I do not understand how we got into this position," passing his hand over his forehead in bewilderment; "but this I know—I am to die. There is no choice. She will yet be yours."

"Never—never!" cried Elizabeth, turning to him. "Edward, if you have truly loved me—if I have rightly estimated you, your nobility of soul, your generosity of heart—you will plead for us with your father. You will give me up; you are too proud to take an unwilling bride, and one who in spite of herself—for I have fought against it for your sake—confesses that she loves another. You will intercede with your father—I will bless you all the days of my life. Edward, Edward, the companion of my childhood's hours—my friend—my brother—my only hope is in you. Speak!" She fell at his feet and clasped his hand, which she covered with kisses. There was another silence. Coventry covered his face with his other hand; the sweat of agony bedewed his face.

■

"Rise, Elizabeth; you shall not put your [illegible] in vain," he said at [illegible]. "Is there nothing be done? I will not stand in the way.

"My son—Lady Elizabeth—Lieutenant O'Neill—there is nothing that can be done. My duty is perfectly clear. The only possible preservation of the prisoner would be in the action which he has refused even to consider; and, sir, though it was my duty to effect if possible the capture of your Captain and his ship through you, I can only say that I am glad I have failed. I apologize to you; you are a man of honor, indeed, sir. I know few who would have resisted such a plea as this. Say no more, Elizabeth; it is not that I will not—I cannot! Edward, here is my seal. Make out the warrant for an order for a court martial to-morrow morning; it is a necessary form, of course. The execution of Lieutenant O'Neill will follow at once." Elizabeth did not faint; no, not yet; there would be time for that later. She clung to O'Neill and listened.

"What shall be the manner of my death, sir?" queried the latter.

"Hanging, sir. 'Tis the penalty prescribed by the law."

"It is a poor death for a man, My Lord. A last request, sir. I am a sailor—may I be hanged upon a ship?" he asked again, pressing the trembling woman to his breast.

"I grant that—would that I could grant more! Major Coventry, you will direct Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, to execute the sentence of the court, which will meet on his ship, the prisoner to be confined there meanwhile. You will find the papers in the library; here is my seal; hasten, and get the painful matter over." Coventry left the room at once in obedience to his orders.

■

"And at what time, sir, will the sentence be carried out?" asked O'Neill, Elizabeth still clinging to him, covering him with incoherent caresses, and fighting against despair.

"To-morrow evening at half after six o'clock."

"Very well, My Lord."

At this moment the old Sergeant entered the room and saluted the Admiral.

"A French officer, which he says he's from the [illegible] Continental squadron, has come ashore in a small cutter under a flag of truce, an' desires to speak with Your Lordship. He asks for a safe conduct."

"Tell him he shall return as freely as he came, on the word of a British officer, and admit him."

A slender, dapper little man, in the uniform of a French marine officer, his head covered with a powdered wig, entered the room a moment later and bowed profusely. Elizabeth started violently as she beheld him.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked the Admiral.

"The Vicomte de Chamillard, a Colonel of Marines in the Navy of France, serving as a volunteer in the American squadron," was the reply.

"And you came on behalf of [illegible]?"

"Captain John Paul Jones, to protest against your unlawful detention of another French officer, the Marquis de Richemont, My Lord."

"He is a spy, caught in the very act; he has admitted it, and if that were not enough, I find he is an attainted traitor. A court is ordered for to-morrow morning on the Serapis, and his execution, which will be inevitable, is set for half after six o'clock in the evening. He shall hang from one of the frigate's yardarms."

"De Chamillard," said O'Neill, "you can do nothing."

"The laws of war——" persisted the Frenchman.

"It is in accordance with those laws that I do what I do," replied the Admiral shortly; "and you may say to your Captain that if I catch him he shall swing from the first yardarm that comes into the harbor."

■

"I am answered, then. Very good; I shall remember your courteous words, My Lord, and now I enter my formal protest against this unwarranted action on your part concerning the Marquis de Richemont. The King of France will have something to say about it. I bid you farewell."

"Farewell, sir," said the Admiral indifferently, turning away.

"De Richemont, good-by, embrace me." As the two men came together, the Frenchman whispered: "This woman—is she your friend?"

"Yes," said O'Neill quickly.

"Mademoiselle," said De Chamillard, turning to Elizabeth with a keen look in his eyes, recognizing her at last, as she stretched out her hand to him. He murmured as he bent low over it, "Delay the execution for at least six hours and I will save him." Elizabeth sank down in her chair, a gleam of hope in her heart.

"[illegible]," he said, turning [illegible]

"[illegible]!" cried the Admiral, "attend the [illegible] de Chamillard and see him safely bestowed on his vessel."

As the Frenchman turned toward the door he came face to face with Major Coventry returning with the orders he had prepared.

"Paul Jones, by Heaven!" shouted the latter.

"At your service," said the supposed Frenchman, promptly tearing off his wig and laying his hand upon his sword.

"Hah!" cried the Admiral, "have you dared to come here? I have you now. What ho! the guard! Sergeant, arrest this rebel—this traitor—this pirate—disarm

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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him. You shall never leave this castle but for the ship, sir. The yardarm is there."

"Stop, My Lord!" answered Jones calmly, as the men crowded toward him. "Stand back, Sergeant; back, men; you cannot touch me; I have that which will protect me wherever flies the English flag."

"And that is——" said the Admiral, smiling contemptuously.

"Your word, sir; the word of an English officer!"

■

The old man bit his lip in chagrined silence. He struggled with himself, looking at the easy, insouciant Scotsman before him.

"In seventy years it has not been broken," he said at last. "Well for you that you secured it. Go! You are free. You are a bold man, sir, but I warn you, do not cross my path again!"

"I am proud to have met so true a gentleman; will you honor me?" said Paul Jones, presenting his snuff-box to the Admiral. The old man hesitated, laughed in spite of himself, and finally helped himself to a pinch. "The insolence of the man!" he exclaimed. "I'd like to have met you in my young days, yardarm to yardarm."

"I would have endeavored to occupy you, sir," said Jones coolly; "and now I bid you farewell."

He shot one meaning glance at Elizabeth and his lips seemed to form the words "Six hours!" as he departed from the room.

"Here is the warrant, sir," said Coventry. "Again I ask, and this time I ask my father, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, sir! Less as a father than in any other capacity. Sergeant, take your prisoner. Major Coventry, you will conduct him on the Serapis and remain there as my representative until the execution is over. Sir, you have borne yourself well this day—I would shake you by the hand. Good-by."

O'Neill clasped the proffered hand warmly, and then looked from Coventry, standing erect, immovable, white faced, to Elizabeth, who was still sitting with bowed head, a world of entreaty in his glance. Coventry nodded and turned away. O'Neill stepped quickly to the girl's side, took her hand in his, bowed low over it, and pressed a long kiss upon it.

"May you be happy," he said. "Farewell!" She looked at him in dazed silence.

"Sir," he continued, turning to Coventry and saluting, "I am ready. Lead on."

"Forward, march, Sergeant," commanded the officer, and with no backward look the little cortège moved from the room. The girl arose to her feet as if to start after them, but the old man restrained her.

"O'Neill! O'Neill!" rang through the hall—a wild, despairing cry—and then Lady Elizabeth sank down white and still at the feet of the Admiral.

"And this is love!" he murmured, shaking his old head; "I had forgotten it."

■

Thirteenth Chapter

IT WAS morning when Elizabeth came again to the terrace above the water battery overlooking the harbor. She had passed a night of sleepless agony, and her pallid, haggard face—for her grief had been too deep for tears—gave outward evidence of her breaking heart. She had besought the Admiral again and again to stay the execution of her lover, urging every plea that the most desperate mind could suggest, she had implored his mercy and pity upon every ground, and, upon his inexorable refusal, had begged that he might be reprieved for a few hours and that she might at least be allowed to see him before he died. Touched by her sorrow, the old man had been inclined to grant this petition at first, and had scribbled a line on his official paper, giving the desired permission, but before he sealed it he changed his mind, and deemed it best—more merciful to her—to refuse.

It really wrung his heart to be unable to extend clemency to this young man. He repented him of the temptation he had thrown in his way. The nobility with which O'Neill had rejected the chance of life which had been offered him; the simplicity with which he had given up everything for honor, impressed him more than ever. He was sick at heart at the grief of his ward, whom he truly loved, and the broken, despairing face of his son haunted him. He wished that the Irishman had never crossed his path, though he could not but admire his honor, his grace and his courage. He was bitterly sorry that he had ever attempted to influence the man; he had an uncomfortable and growing suspicion that his plans had brought nothing but trouble to every one. Breaking away from the presence of Elizabeth, whose anguished face was a living reproach to him, he finally secluded himself in his office and refused to see her again.

■

So the day wore away; but oh, how differently! The girl never knew how she passed the hours. She wandered restlessly up and down the terrace, her eyes strained upon the sea. The garrison, who idolized her to a man, had been apprised by the Sergeant of what had happened, and to a man they were upon her side. The men would never forget the picture she made as they watched her pacing to and fro, gazing at the ship in the harbor—her lover's prison and his scaffold.

The sense of impotent helplessness with which she was compelled to face the situation, the knowledge that O'Neill was doomed

"The insolence of the man," he exclaimed

[illegible] that there was nothing that she could do or say which would alter the decision, was terrible. She had been accustomed to have her will, and, like most women, loved it. Now she had to stand by in the bright sunlight, with all the strength of life and youth and love in her veins and in his, and see her lover choked to death—hanged like a dog—at the black yardarm of that great ship yonder.

And for what? Womanlike, she put aside every thought of him but that he had dared death itself only to see her—to be in her presence again! Oh, how splendid, how handsome, how noble he had been in the great hall, when he had refused her rather than to take her as the reward of treachery—and now he was to become a lifeless lump of clay, alive to her only as a memory, a [illegible]

■

It was late in the afternoon. Her maid had not been able to drag her from the terrace whence she had a view of the ship on which her lover was to be executed—murdered she said. As she gazed upon it she noticed two men climbing nimbly up the black shrouds about the foremast. When they reached the foreyard they ran out on the yardarm. One of them carried something. A rope was dragging from it. In obedience to an imperious command, her maid ran and fetched her a glass. One look through it showed her—she was a sailor's ward—that they were rigging a whip on the yardarm, they were securing there a girt line block through which a rope was rove leading to the top and thence to the deck. She divined its purpose at once. The hour! The hour! Had it grown so late? Was it so near, so near? Was there a God in that blue Heaven bending above her head?

A sick feeling came over her heart, and she would have fainted but for a sudden inspiration. Again she seized the telescope—an unusually strong one, by the way—and, raising it to her eyes with unsteady hand, eagerly swept the sea off in the direction of Flamborough Head, rising faintly down to the southward, a long distance away. For a long time her trembling hands could not get that part of the horizon in focus. Finally she knelt down and rested the tube upon the parapet and looked again.

Ah! At last she had it, and there swept into the field of vision three gleams of white on the skyline, proclaiming even to her unpracticed eye the sails of ships! What had that indomitable man said to her last night in the hall?

■

"Delay the execution for at least six hours and I will save him!" He was not one to promise lightly. She would try again. She would make one more appeal to the Admiral. It was late, but there might yet be time. On the instant she turned, leaving the startled maid, and ran like a fleet-footed fawn along the terrace, down the stone steps through the water battery, through the bailey, into the inner court, down the long passage and into the great hall, where the Admiral was usually to be found at this hour. She dashed impetuously into the room, crying:

"The Admiral, quick! where is he?"

"Ships has been reported down at Bridlington Bay—foreign ships, Your Leddyship," replied the old Sergeant, who happened to be there alone, "an' His Ludship took horse about half past twelve o'clock to go down there."

Failure! Her last hope gone! She sank down into the chair. Reaction had come—she was fainting, helpless, dying. It was over. The Sergeant started toward her with his face full of pity. She was sitting in the Admiral's chair by the great table, her glance fell listlessly upon it. At the moment another idea flashed into her mind. Desperate, foolish, nevertheless she would try it—try anything—this, at least, was action. She started to her feet again on the instant, instinct with life.

"Leave me at once, and see that no one interrupts me, I wish to be alone," she said imperiously to the astonished Sergeant, who bowed respectfully and withdrew. About

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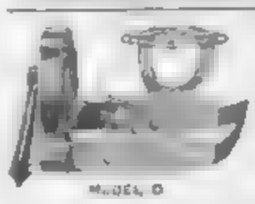
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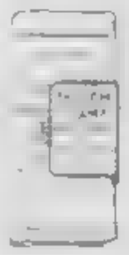
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half an hour later she came hurriedly out of the room, white-faced, drawn, nerved for desperate endeavor.

How he got through the night O'Neill never knew. The court martial in the morning had taken little time; its sentence, a foregone conclusion, promptly approved by the Admiral, had been death by hanging at half after six o'clock that night. He had refused to give any further parole in the faint hope that something might enable him to escape, and consequently had been heavily ironed and placed in confinement in the space between two of the great guns on the lower gun-deck—the Serapis was a double-banked frigate—on the starboard side. The forethought of Coventry, who had attended him with the solicitude and kindness of a brother, and had pleaded for him unavailingly before the court, had caused to be provided a canvas screen which inclosed two of the guns, and allowed the prisoner to pass his hours undisturbed by the curious gaze of the English sentry.

Captain Pearson, a gallant officer, had been kindness itself in all his arrangements, but his orders, which were peremptory, left him no discretion whatever. O'Neill passed his time sitting by the open port, leaning on a gun, gazing out over the water at the gray old castle where he had found his love and met his fate. Many tragedies had been enacted within its walls during its six centuries of existence, and none sadder than [illegible]. But he was a sailor, and generations of heroic ancestors had accustomed him to look death in the face and smile undaunted at its grim-ness.

Fortune, Infortune, Fortune" had been the motto of his branch of the red-handed O'Neills; at least, that was the punning Latin translation of a Celtic original which meant "Fortune and misfortune are alike to the strong."

When his friends and acquaintances at the French Court, those knights and ladies with whom he had ruffled it so bravely, the young King his master, his old comrades, the hard fighters on the Richard, her dauntless Captain, that brave old man his father, heard how he had died, they should learn that he met the last grim enemy with the wonted intrepidity of his race. *Noblesse oblige!* And then, having made his peace with God as best he could alone—he was of a different faith from that of the chaplain of the ship—he gave himself over to mournful dreams of Elizabeth Howard.

Late in the afternoon his meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Coventry. The poignant unhappiness of the young Englishman was, if anything, greater than that of O'Neill. His engagement to Elizabeth Howard, with whom he had grown up, had been at first more or less a matter of convenience, and he had never entirely realized the hold she had taken upon his heart until he heard her—in the arms of O'Neill—make that frantic avowal of her overwhelming love. Men frequently know not the value of what they have—until they lose it.

Coventry's heart had been surcharged with love and devotion to this woman, and because his life had glided on evenly he had not known how full of love it was until it had overflowed. He would, he thought, cheerfully take the other's place, sentence of death and all, could he but once hear before he died the ringing accents of such a sublime confession—for himself.

When Elizabeth had appealed to him to intervene, he had subordinated his own happiness to hers, and had endeavored to procure a mitigation of the punishment imposed upon his rival, though he knew his success would put his promised wife into the arms of O'Neill. He had not done this without a terrible struggle—but he had done it. He felt that the sacrifice would cost him his life, and for that he was truly glad, yet he had offered it freely, generously and nobly. He had not hesitated to do so, for with him the happiness of Elizabeth Howard was the paramount passion. If she did not love him, he could at least show her what love truly meant in its highest sense; give her a lesson in love like to the lesson in honor that other man had exhibited last night.

There was something grandly sublime in this utter abnegation of self, so simply done for another's happiness. He had been a Christian after a rather better fashion, perhaps, than most young men of his time, and his associations with the sweet, pure girl he loved had kept him so.

At the first moment, when he found last night that his pleadings were of no avail, and that O'Neill was doomed to die, his heart had leaped in his breast at the thought that his rival would be removed, but he had crushed the thought as unworthy a gentleman of his high ideals; and there had come to him in addition a consciousness that to a love like Elizabeth Howard's the death of a beloved one would make no change. Time would not soften a blow to a nature like hers.

In the execution of O'Neill he saw the death warrant of Elizabeth. He had passed the day racking his brain and thinking of some way to delay the execution, but without avail. He would have stopped at nothing to save them both. In despair he had come to consult with his rival.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Polite Art of WAR

By Frank X. Finnegan

IF CIVILIZATION in its resistless march has done nothing else worth mentioning, it has at least taught us how to carry on war with the least possible amount of hard feeling and strictly according to the rules laid down for the guidance of our very best people. In a large measure the rough edges have been trimmed from war's horrid front, so that it now presents an aspect rather pleasing and alluring than otherwise. Indeed, a young man so unfortunate as to have been denied admission to those polite circles which give an indefinable ease of manner to their familiars, could not do better than enlist at the outbreak of the next little argument between civilized powers. If he emerge from the adventure alive he will, by close study and observation, have learned more of etiquette than he would in two seasons of cotillons and at-homes.

Though the custom of killing one another in scientific fashion has not passed away, the painful duty is now performed in so merciful a manner that it is almost as painless as the extraction of a tooth. Time was when warring nations went out and pummeled one another with anything they could lay their hands on, until as many men as possible were dead. They jabbed one another with lances, hacked one another with battle axes, and chopped off heads with two-handed swords.

We don't do it that way. True, we still go to war. We range men up in line with highly improved guns and try to shoot the other fellow full of nickel-jacketed bullets at a range of a mile or two. If he doesn't run when we gallantly charge upon him, we jab him with a wicked triangular bayonet, designed and carried especially to rip open the enemy. But that's as far as we go nowadays. If the other fellow fails to die of the nickel-jacketed bullets or the jabbing with the bayonet, we tenderly raise him on a stretcher, carry him away to a field hospital and summon surgeons and nurses to bind up the wounds we made a few hours before with the bullets and the bayonet. We carefully take his temperature every few hours and feed him on patent health foods, lest he should die of the wounds we inflicted upon him. When he has entirely recovered we send him back to his own army, where we can get another shot at him.

It is very easy to commit a social solecism in the selection of the kind of bullet with which we are to kill the other fellow. It is so easy to make a *faux pas* in this direction. Good form now dictates that the only bullet used shall be a speedy, solid one with a nickel or steel covering. They are so much more pleasant when passing through one, it is said by those who have tried several kinds. No army with pretensions to social prominence would use the vulgar "dum dum," or soft-nosed bullet. It has entirely gone out, although for a long time it was very English and considered quite the thing. It is understood that its retirement was due to protests from many people who seriously objected to being killed by the "dum dum" bullet, though they maintained they did not at all mind a good, swift, steel-jacket bullet.

Time was when it was a favorite diversion of rude and boorish generals to sneak around in the night when the enemy was sound asleep and surprise him before he really got his eyes open and knew what was going on. That is all changed now. The polite art of war has reached such a stage that all danger of such disturbances is eliminated. When a general gets ready to send his lyddite shells over into the enemy's camp, where they will tear everything up and scatter handfuls of the enemy all over the smiling face of Nature, he does not take a mean advantage of the enemy by shooting one of them at him during luncheon hour. He sends by special courier a note to the other general which reads something like this.

> "I have the honor to state that my artillery will open fire at four o'clock this afternoon. If this hour is inconvenient for you or interferes with any previous engagement, I shall be only too glad to change it. Hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me, and with regards to all, I am
>
> Yours fraternally
>
> [illegible]

At the appointed hour he turns loose the batteries and tries to blow up everything in sight. But though the rules permit him to send over fifty-pound shells filled with dynamite and other excitable matter which wipe out fifty or sixty men at a single discharge, he must by no means put one of the shells under ground over which he knows the enemy will pass and touch it off when they are strolling idly by. It would kill the same number of men as it does when fired at them from a cannon, but it's against the rules.

And then the filibustering part of it and the "aid from a friendly power" end of it have all been brought down to a fine point—so fine, indeed, that many people fail to see it. For instance, while England is at war with the Boers our State Department is on the alert to check any bold attempts at recruiting for the Boer army, for Great Britain is a friendly power. If some over-zealous Dutchman raised a regiment and chartered a ship to take his men to Africa he would be arrested at once. But the men who raise mules down St. Louis way can ship thousands of them to Africa to pull English batteries out of the mud. The men who make cartridges have been working night and day to fill British orders; an Indiana firm has been turning out gun stocks for Great Britain by the thousand, and not a ripple was caused by it. So it is apparent that the citizens of the United States can sell either Boer or Briton all the tools to kill each other with, but must not make a move toward handing the tools. It's a great system.

The polite art of war has almost reached the point of perfection. It will be quite correct when it comes to the point where the soldier, as he raises his rifle and looks for the white of the other fellow's eyes, observes, "I beg your pardon," and then shoots him, where the other soldier, as he charges up the breastworks so stoutly defended, raises his triangular bayonet and, before plunging it into the other man's uniform, murmurs, Excuse me." Then the opposing generals after the battle will exchange notes, the victor sending his luckless friend a letter of condolence and the vanquished expressing his congratulations and praising the high military skill of his late enemy, while the soldiers of both sides care for one another's wounded in a joint hospital.

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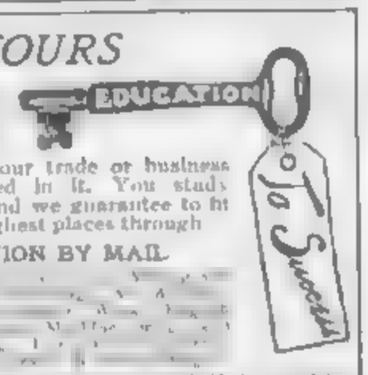

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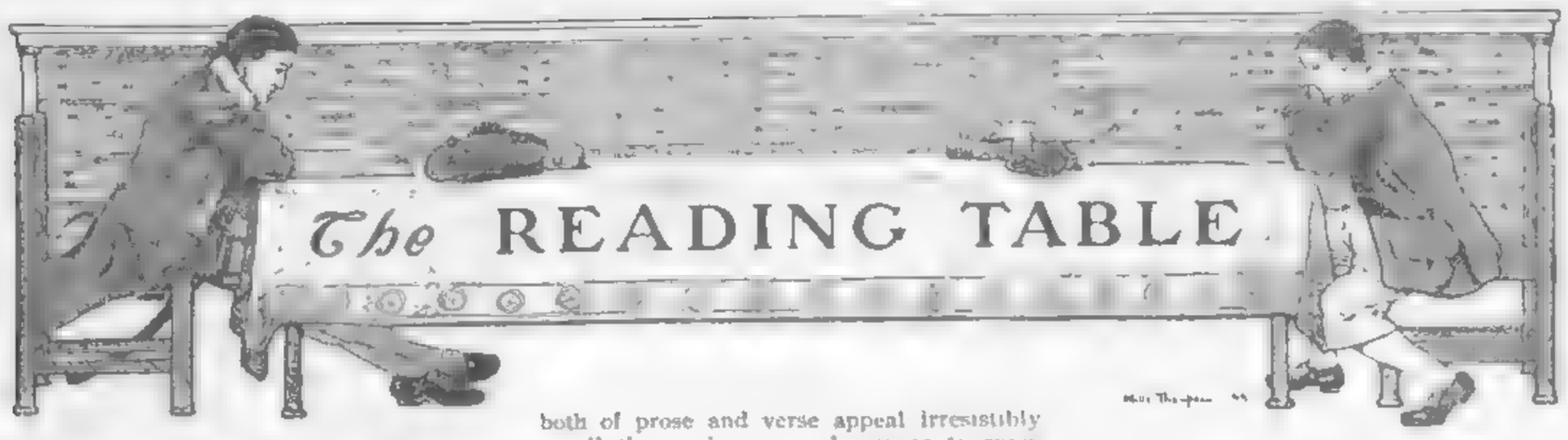

Paolo and Francesca*

A NOTICE on the flyleaf of Mr Stephen Phillips' dramatic poem, Paolo and Francesca, warns the public that it has been already accepted by Mr. George Alexander for production at the St. James' Theatre, that it is published meanwhile by his consent, and that all acting rights are reserved. There is little likelihood of other managers seeking to infringe upon these rights. The average playgoer is not enamored of tragedies, and this one is so simple and direct, so unrelieved by any touch of gayety, so shadowed by disaster from the first line to the last, that it will take a stout-hearted audience to fill the St. James' Theatre when it is put upon the boards.

The story is one of the most familiar in tradition and literature. The love of Francesca da Rimini for her husband's young brother, and the stern vengeance that followed swiftly on her fall, have been the chosen theme of so many poets since Dante's day that little can be added now to deepen the pathos of the tale. Mr. Phillips shows us with plaintive distinctness the girl-wife, fresh from her convent school, lonely, sad, passionate, and betraying in every word the pitiful impetuosity of an unhappy child.

"I dread to be alone. I fear the night,
And you great chamber, the resort of spirits.
I see men hunted on the air by hounds
I' the faces of your house, with weary smiles
The dead who frown I fear not; but I fear
The dead who smile! The very palace rocks,
Remembering at midnight, and I see
[illegible]"

This is a good specimen of Mr. Phillips' blank verse which, like his plot, has the merit of simplicity. There are no subtleties of speech, and there are no subtleties of thought or of emotion in the whole tragedy. All is daylight clear. In one thing alone we feel a shadow of uncertainty as we turn over to the last act to find a resemblance between these two world-old tragedies.

Nothing at present can dim or diminish
Such [illegible]

and Wordsworth's famous lines

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.

Men Who Have Made Literature†

MR. DAWSON, in his *Makers of Modern Prose*, has given us one of the very best handbooks of literature published within recent years. Mr. Dawson's courage as a critic is as great as his critical insight and sympathies are catholic. It is a supreme test of which we cannot speak too highly. It is precisely the book I should wish to put into the hands of a young person who desires to make a beginning in the study of literature. Its fortunate grouping of great men in small numbers serves to show the literary perspective of the ages.

The masters of prose chosen by Mr. Dawson are Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Cobbett, Lord Macaulay, Landor, De Quincey, Thomas Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Ruskin, Robertson and Cardinal Newman. This is a list to make the English-speaking world reasonably proud, and it is handled with a fine critical taste as far as I can detect. Mr. Dawson has a broad catholic appreciation of whatever is best in all these great writers, and he has the power to discriminate between different degrees of greatness. It is, for example, an easy task to admire Doctor Johnson. The critic would, indeed, be beggared in soul who could fail to love and reverence the man whose memory has become a glory to all the speakers of the English tongue. It is easy also to love Goldsmith, rather it is impossible not to love him. And his masterpieces both of prose and verse appeal irresistibly to all those who are so happy as to enjoy perfection in literary art. But it is not everybody who, in these flabby days, can recognize the power and the distinction of Burke. Therefore we listen with something like rapture to this admirable summing up of characteristics too seldom seen or understood:

The greatest quality of Burke's writings is that spiritual aloofness which held him, as it were, poised high above his immediate subject, with his eye fixed on the broader issues and relations of things, in something of philosophic, but still more of prophetic intensity of vision. Greatness of style arises, after all, not from accidental grace or glow of expression; it springs from something deeper—the great mind and the noble temper."

Equally fine is the distinction which Mr. Dawson draws between the inaccuracy of Macaulay and the untruthfulness of Froude. Macaulay was deplorably inaccurate from narrowness of vision and overweening self-confidence; yet his was a nature of kind and homely sincerity. Froude's delightful pages are resolutely misleading. He wrote history, says Mr. Dawson in the spirit of the novelist. "As long as things looked artistically probable, he thought little of essential veracity. His habit of mind was casuistic and when you unite gross carelessness with a manifest determination to prove a case at [illegible] quantity."

Yet Macaulay's superficiality [illegible] depth of vision. He never got beyond the surface of things, though with that surface he had a wide and wonderful acquaintance. "Carlyle," says Mr. Dawson truly, "has the prophetic insight which interprets the whole nature of a man in a single significant phrase. He paints a portrait; Macaulay constructs a mosaic. Any historic personage, even the humblest, who has once been bathed in the searching light of Carlyle's imagination is henceforth known to us, and is instinct with vitality. But the most we learn from Macaulay is how such a man dressed his hair, ate his dinner, or treated his wife."

—*Agnes Repplier*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

A Fortune-Teller's Failure in History

MR ANDREW LANG does not believe in palmistry or clairvoyance or any of the various kinds of fortune-telling which flourish in Bond Street and secure much of fashionable London's money. He has appeared in a new rôle and has attempted to start a crusade in an evening paper against the practitioners of these arts.

The ordinary fortune-telling gypsy in England is punished by law for obtaining money under false pretences. Mr. Lang thinks that a stop in the West End and a guinea fee should not free any one from the operation of the Law. He himself has been making interesting experiments with clairvoyants.

Apparently he had a friend, a lady who believed she had discovered a wonderful clairvoyant who could penetrate the past marvelously. Mr. Lang, who is engaged on a History of Scotland, which will be his next publication, and one of his most important wanted information as to a certain historical character. He asked the lady to consult the clairvoyant, and save him the trouble of investigation.

Later remarks Mr. Lang. I received what I wanted by return, but the lady friend was shaken.

The Butterfly and the Commissioner

A CERTAIN commissioner representing the American section of a certain exposition was to arrive in Paris a week or so before the opening of the exposition to arrange with the American painters and sculptors resident there for their contributions. Wishing to be businesslike and methodical, he wrote ahead to several artists stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, and at a certain hotel, and naming an hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day might have been found the name of Mr. James McNeil Whistler and the hour "4:30 precisely." The note he received is worthy of the author of The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.

Dear Sir [illegible]
the —th. I congratulate you.
"I have never been able, and never shall be able, to be anywhere at '4.30 precisely.'
"Yours most faithfully,
"JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER."

Later on, when the commissioner waited on Mr Whistler he offered him a chair, but there was none to be had.

A Genius that is Chilled by Cold

MR FRANKFORT MOORE'S work is done in a fashion peculiarly his own. He likes writing only in the summer, and his novels are for the most part written in the garden of his house at Kensington. There, under the trees, he composes his lively stories. When it grows too cold in the autumn he retires to the house, and there is little or no work done. He does not hibernate as a rule, but devotes himself to reading and writing, many times so early in the season that he must be lightly wrapped with rugs.

Thackeray's Fugitive Work

IT SEEMS that not all of Thackeray's writing is to be given forever. Some thing of a controversy was aroused lately over the question whether Thackeray contributed to Punch. Now Mr. Lewis Melville, who has also written the Life of Thackeray, contributes to the Morning Post a letter in which he says that he has discovered miscellaneous matter to make a volume, which has appeared in no collected edition as yet.

One of England's Modest Great Men

ONE might live in London for years and move much in literary society without ever seeing some of England's greatest figures in literature. Mr. George Meredith, for example, although his cottage at Box Hill in Surrey is not far from the metropolis, is almost never to be seen in town. In the country he leads the quietest of lives, writing some, and cultivating flowers. There is one house in London, however, where one could at least expect Mr. Meredith for an hour on the week during almost the entire year there comes from him a small box of superb violets for the children of the household. We have many times been allowed to make the seclusion of Box Hill less quiet.

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Tales of Men of Many Trades
The Story of Hubbard Wilson, a Misfit
By Charles Battell Loomis

THERE is no doubt that, as stock clerk in the woolen department of Slater Weatherby & Co.'s commission house Hubbard Wilson was not a success. He had obtained the position through Frederick Weatherby, who had been one of his father's boyhood companions, but whereas Weatherby used to be very genial with him, he now never more than nodded to him, and Hubbard felt sure that he was sorry he had done anything at all for him.

Slater, Weatherby & Co. was one of the leading houses in Boston, and to enter it in any capacity was esteemed a privilege—the chances for advancement to an ambitious young man were so sure—but Hubbard had overheard Dick Slater, old man Slater's son and manager of the white goods department, say that "Wilson ain't worth shelf room" and although it made his blood boil at the time, he was too just not to see that, in so far as it applied to the dry-goods business, Dick was right.

If Hubbard had been some, or indeed any, of the men who figure in Samuel Smiles' book on Self-Help he would have made up his mind to master woolens, even though he hated the very feel and smell of them, just to have the satisfaction of becoming a partner within five years. But there was small chance of his ever being used by Samuel as a beautiful example. When, as often happened, a customer came downstairs to see what was new in patterns, Hubbard could never by any chance tell him, and as most of the Summer and Arch Street merchants knew the Chauncy Street store very well indeed, they generally found what they wanted by walking down the long cañons formed by open cases piled sidewise on each other and containing the various rolls of woolen goods from the different mills. Hubbard would follow helplessly behind, and now and again hit on the right answer by a lucky fluke, but these interviews always ended in his feeling his utter unworthiness, and yet without producing an ambition to become a passable stock clerk. His was an easy going nature, and he fared better at the hands of the other clerks than some would have done who showed such a beautiful incapacity.

He was by no means dull, and he had a trick at the pencil that whiled away many an hour for himself and others. There was not a man above or below stairs who had not been caricatured by Hubbard generally on a letterhead that was passed surreptitiously around that none of the heads of the house might see it. But though praise of the likeness and the way it was done was always forthcoming, it was generally accompanied by some sneer to the belittlement of Hubbard, and he knew that his personal stock was below par just as his woolen stock was in disorder. His predecessor in the stock room had been made a salesman and had gone out on the market at the end of five months whereas he, at the end of a year, was still getting a ridiculous four dollars a week, barely enough to keep him decently clothed.

This morning he was feeling particularly despondent, and, although five cases of goods had come in from the New York house and he should have been putting them in stock, he was sitting in an empty case drawing a picture of an up-State man who had been in the day before and had completely bewildered him with his questions about quality and marks on some Nepaug cheviots. He heard a step on the stairs, and, thinking it was Dawson, one of the salesmen, he came out of his retreat and walked languidly toward the sample counter that stood in the front end of the basement under the ground glass light.

It proved to be old Stumberg, a German retailer from Lincoln Street, whom Hubbard hated worse than poison.

"Vere's Mr. Dawson?"

"Out on the market," said Hubbard.

"Do you know vedder dere are any Annandale cheviots in stock?"

"Nun—no—I mean—yes—there aren't any. Oh, wait a minute. There are some goods just in from New York. I'll look at the invoice." Stumberg looked at him a moment with curling upper lip, and then: "Say, vot you know aboud voolens my boy Ike could say in fife minutes. Und he stutters."

Hubbard reddened to the roots of his hair as he fumbled over the invoice.

Meanwhile Stumberg had been looking at some samples of trouserings that lay on the counter.

"How much are dese a yart?"

Hubbard was able to answer this. "Two dollars and fifty cents."

"Dey ain't vert' it. Poor qvality. I can get choost as goot for two dollars at Jackson's."

Now, if Hubbard had been Dawson he would have pointed out to Mr. Stumberg that these goods were among the best sellers of the year from the Annandale mills, and that they could not fill orders fast enough, which was a fact. He would have told him that Grunbaum & Jonassen, of Circle City, the greatest kickers in the West, had bought ten cases of them. But being Hubbard, he entirely forgot these facts. His mind was colored by Stumberg's view of the goods, and, although he had been thinking of getting a big enough sample to make himself a pair of trousers, he suddenly saw that they *were* inferior goods and said:

"It is kind of high, I suppose."

"High, vy of course it's high. De goods are rotten. Vell, you didn't get dose cheviots alretty?"

Hubbard had now found the invoice.

"No, they didn't ship them. Is there anything else you want?"

"Not till Dawson comes in. You'll vear yourself oud if you stay here long."

And Stumberg lumbered up the stairs, his thick, red, quilted neck sunk into his round shoulders.

Hubbard felt as if he had been in a Turkish bath.

"How can I stand such insults? I wasn't cut out for this business or any other. What a fool I am to slave away at it!"

And so saying, he escaped from slavery temporarily, by sitting down in the case again to finish the picture of the up-State man. And when it was done it was a perfect likeness. Hubbard had what is called a photographic eye, and when he had studied a man's features he could reproduce them with a fidelity or a clever distortion that were alike startling. He had never studied art beyond the merest rudiments. His lack of staying power which was going to prevent his becoming a partner in the Slater-Weatherby firm had caused him to tire of his art work as such, but in a desultory way he had sketched for his own amusement ever since he was old enough to do anything, and he was now nineteen.

When Dawson came in and saw the goods still on the floor he sailed into Hubbard.

"Say, Hub, I don't see why old man Slater don't fire you. What you been doing?" Then, as he saw the picture: "Well, if that isn't Dexter Burnham to the life I'll eat my hat! Say, you oughtn't to stay a day in this business. You could make your fortune drawing for the newspapers. Have you ever tried to get a job?"

"Oh, what's the use of trying anything?" said Hubbard despondently. "I'm not the succeeding kind."

"Well, I'll lend you a hand to get these woolens in stock before Weatherby comes down, or some one will succeed you. Say, he's kind of soured on you, ain't he?"

"I don't care. I've soured on myself. What's the use?"

Hubbard laid the picture on the shipping desk and went to work in a half-hearted way at putting the woolens into stock.

"Well, I think there's lots of use," said Dawson. "Gee, I know lots of fellows that would fall all over themselves to get your job—and at less pay than you get—just to learn the business; and you've been here nearly a year and I don't believe you could tell how much Shaker flannels are a yard!"

Hubbard colored, but he said nothing. Why was it that people were so abominably frank with him? They seemed to think that he loved to hear the truth. The very fact that it was the truth made it harder to hear, but Dawson was a good fellow and meant well, and Hubbard did not [illegible]

"Where do you think you'll be five years from now?"

"Probably finishing this job," said Hubbard with a humorous twinkle as he slowly put a Fernda[illegible] cheviot into an Annandale case.

Just then a customer came downstairs and Dawson went to attend to him, leaving Hubbard to finish alone. And then one of those fits of energy that sometimes came to him seized him, and, with a quickening of wits and movements, he pitched the goods into their cases with the zeal of a new stock clerk and with almost as many mistakes.

HE WAS BY NO MEANS DULL, AND HE HAD A TRICK AT THE PENCIL THAT WHILED AWAY MANY AN HOUR FOR HIMSELF AND OTHERS

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But matters had come to a crisis with Hubbard. Old Stumberg had met Weatherby on the street, and in his painfully offensive, sarcastic way had told him that that light-headed clerk with the big ears ought to be in a kindergarten, and not in the stock department of a big dry-goods house.

The whistle at the shipping desk blew twice. Edwards, the shipping clerk, stepped to the desk and put his ear to the tube.

"Send Wilson up to me."

"Mr. Weatherby wants to see you, Hubbard." His eye fell on the portrait that Wilson had made. He grinned admiringly. "Say! you've got Burnham to the Queen's taste. That's the only thing you can do; but you can draw, and no mistake."

Hubbard almost snatched the picture and went upstairs to Mr. Weatherby's office. More plain speaking—and from an Irish shipping clerk. Why didn't he smash him? He knew well enough why. Hubbard was not a pugilist any more than he was a dry-goods man.

He walked into Mr. Weatherby's office.

Frederick Weatherby—or Fred, as he was called by his intimates—was a man of about forty-five, self-made and successful. Self-made men invariably are successful. No man ever takes the trouble to self-make himself poorly.

"Did you call me, sir?" asked Hubbard.

Mr. Weatherby finished what he was doing, and then he wheeled around in his chair, disclosing a firm, clean-shaven face with a hard mouth and humorous, deep-set eyes.

"Hubbard, do you think that you were cut out for the dry-goods business?" said he with characteristic abruptness.

This question struck Hubbard as being ludicrous and he checked a laugh. "I guess I wasn't cut out for anything, Mr. Weatherby. I loathe the dry-goods business and every other kind of business."

Mr. Weatherby had evidently been on the point of giving Hubbard a little well-meant advice, but this chuckle and the defiance of business—business that seemed to successful Fred Weatherby the be-all and end-all of life—irritated him and he said curtly:

"Well, I don't think it is honest to fritter away our time if you hate your work. The results show that you hate it. Now, there are lots of men who would be glad to step into your shoes and who would give good satisfaction, and if you feel as you do about business I think that the best thing you can do is to try to earn your living by being idle for a while."

Hubbard stood with a shamefaced expression on his features and said not a word. He rolled and unrolled the picture of Mr. Burnham nervously.

"I'll give you two weeks' notice because I knew your father. That will give you time to find another place. This isn't an eleemosynary institution, and I can't keep a young man who hasn't the interests of the house at heart. What is that you have in your hand?"

Weatherby's keen eyes had seen the picture, and he surmised that it was some of the stock clerk's work, for his reputation as a draughtsman had come upstairs.

"Oh, it's just a little thing I drew for fun."

Weatherby held out his hand for it, and much as if he had been in school and the teacher had asked him for a forbidden putty-blower, Hubbard handed the picture of Mr. Burnham to his employer.

Weatherby's eyes twinkled. He had a sense of humor and an eye for good drawing.

"So you draw these things with our time, on our letter-heads?"

It was an admirable likeness, as Weatherby saw. The shrewd mouth, the parsimonious nose and the mean eyes almost adjacent, reproduced with amazing fidelity the little Worcester man who had come out of the Maine woods with nothing and was now reputed to be a millionaire.

Everything seemed black to Hubbard. He was not one to look far into the future, and he had always supposed that he would somehow manage always to keep some kind of a place and make enough to eke out the small income from his father's estate. He had been three months getting his present position after leaving college, and Weatherby had only given it to him because he had been a chum of Hubbard's father. With no recommendation from Slater, Weatherby & Co., how was he to get anything to do?

Weatherby looked at the picture for fully three minutes before he said another word, and during that time Hubbard stood the picture of hopelessness.

"My boy," said Mr. Weatherby finally, "the trouble with you is that you're in the wrong place. You're an artist—a natural artist—and you have it in you to make more money in a year than you could make in a lifetime with us or any other business house. If Burnham saw that he'd want to tear it up because it brings out all he'd like to forget. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I know Colonel McCloud, of The Earth, and if you can draw for reproduction in a newspaper I can get you a position. Only, you'll want to put some energy into yourself there. Newspapers don't keep drones. Go get your hat and I'll walk down with you right away."

This was Weatherby's way of doing things and it explained his success.

As for Hubbard, he felt as if the heavens had suddenly opened before him. He had never taken his drawing seriously. It had been an amusement—a way of passing time—but that it should be a means of bread-winning to him had never entered his mind.

He went downstairs jubilant. Dawson noticed his expression and said, "What's up? Been taken into partnership?"

"Sure," said Hubbard. "Weatherby goes out in my favor. Going to take my place in the stock."

"Good for Weatherby," said Dawson. "The stock will be kept in order."

Weatherby and Hubbard walked briskly through Avon Place to Washington Street. Weatherby's briskness was his nature.

Arrived at the office of The Earth, Weatherby, who knew Colonel McCloud well, walked straight into his room, not heeding the interrogations of the hall-boy.

Colonel McCloud was busy—a constant habit of his—and he looked up with a scowl, but when he saw Weatherby, "Hello, Fred," he roared. He always roared. He had formerly been a sea captain of a fishing schooner off the Banks, and the fog had never gotten out of his throat. He was red-faced, side-whiskered, and as rough as he was ready.

"What's new in dry goods? Speak quick, for I'm going to take the one o'clock train for New York and I've got to get my lunch."

Hubbard looked at the clock. It was half-past twelve. His heart sank. Of course nothing could be done until the Colonel came back and he had hoped that things would be pushed right through for him. But he did not know McCloud any better than he knew Weatherby. The editor would attend to half a dozen things besides taking a hasty bite at Young's, and yet he would catch the train inevitably. And Weatherby would do what he had set out to do if he had to go as far as Providence with the Colonel to do it. That's why both of them were eminently successful.

"It's nothing about dry goods. I won't take five minutes, but I will take that because it will be worth it to you. This is my friend Hubbard Wilson, and I've brought him here to draw a picture of you, and then I want you to give him a place on your staff. Make a place if there isn't one vacant. He'll keep his end up all right."

This was cold-blooded, to say the least, and if Hubbard had been alone he would have been frightened to death at the grim, ruddy-faced old sea-dog and newspaper magnate rolled into one, but for once he was quick. Weatherby's encouraging words were tonic. He took a letter-head of Slater, Weatherby & Co.'s out of his pocket, and he saw Weatherby smile as he recognized it, and that gave him more heart.

"Say, Fred," roared the Colonel, "you ought to have been a newspaper man. You have more nerve than any of us."

To an accompaniment of breezy talk Hubbard worked swiftly. He was now doing what he loved to do, and was nerved to his best by the prospect that lay before him. In three minutes he had finished and handed the drawing to Weatherby. "By Jove!" exclaimed Weatherby, breaking into a hearty laugh. "That's your photograph. You'll never better that."

The Colonel took it and looked over his spectacles at it for nearly a minute before he spoke. To Hubbard it seemed hours.

Finally he grunted, "I'll show that to Maria," and put the picture in his pocket. Then in his roaring voice he said to Hubbard, as he rose: "Young man, you're the fellow I've been looking for—quick and accurate. I guess Mr. Taylor, the art editor, has some work for you to do. I'll take you in to see him on my way out. Fred, I'm obliged to you. Now get out of here, for I've got to catch that train or there'll be the deuce to pay."

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Bench Shows and Blue-Ribbon Dogs

By H. L. Fitz Patrick

"'Faithful an' true'—them be words I' Scriptur', an' Faithful an' true
'I be fun' upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two."

MOST dogs, like their masters, owe much to environment. Well nurtured and raised with wisdom, a dog will be the most trustworthy of companions and a very Turveydrop in deportment; yet the same creature unfriended, ignored and forced to maintain existence by a never-ceasing strife with its fellows and mankind, will grow up a snarling, vicious cur, and, at last, likely be killed for some misdeed.

In the diminishment of rabies and in other instances facts may be marshaled to prove that our dogs are at a higher point of development than they have ever been before. One reason is that the public has been educated through the bench shows to value only the pure types, which, with the general improvement of the canine breeds, is the purpose for which these exhibitions were first instituted. It is usually as dangerous to coddle and make a family pet of a stray mongrel as to fool with dynamite. The bench shows, by exploiting what is good, teach the sorts to avoid in caninity. Once the lesson is learned the visitor, whether rich or poor, is thereafter not to be content with the ownership of anything but a blue-blooded dog. This does not necessarily mean the ownership of a blue-ribbon dog, but it is a step in the path that leads to bench-show glory.

PHOTO BY HARRIS, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

CONGRESSMAN RUPPERT'S ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD, LE ROYAL

THE POOR FANCIER'S ADVANTAGE

The new fancier of wealth may spend a small fortune for a great dog and so be in the winning honors from the start, but, in the highest degree of bench-show success—the winning with dogs of the owner's breeding—the rich and poor amateurs have an even chance in the race for the blue ribbons. The latter often has the best of it, for he devotes usually his own time to the dogs, while the rich man must depend on salaried kennelmen. In rare instances blue-ribbon dogs have been picked up very cheap by good judges. Quite a noted Greyhound was bought as a puppy for twenty dollars from a curbstone vender in Manhattan, and Trafalgar, a famous Bull-Terrier, was bought for not much more from an Adirondack guide by one of a hunting party who knew the points of the breed.

MR. C. G. HOPTON'S L'AMBASSADOR

CROSSING THE CONTINENT TO SHOW

Under the cognisance of the American Kennel Club there are from fifty to sixty bench shows held each year throughout the United States. Many of the best dogs are sent with proper pride by their owners to the shows each season at New York, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago and Providence, or on a smaller circuit near the home kennels. Philadelphia has this season rejoined the bench show fold and San Francisco has also a fine show, the culminating point of the Pacific Coast circuit. The smooth-coated St. Bernard, Le Prince, Jr., was sent across the continent, after it had beaten the best dogs near the Golden Gate, to show at New York last year.

The number of dogs benched at a show depends, of course, on the size of the city or town in which it is held, but, large or small, no bench show, save of a specialty club, is regular until it has the sanction of the American Kennel Club. This means, in brief, that the premiums will be paid, the judging fairly conducted, and that the methods of improving on nature, termed "faking up" a dog, will not be tolerated. The A. K. C. is omnipotent in its powers. It was established in 1884, at New York, ten years later than the founding of the English Kennel Club. The latter, however, is a self-constituted power to rule the dog affairs of the United Kingdom, which commenced with fifty members, but, since 1883, has had a large associate membership, which has no voice in the management.

Within two years the English Kennel Club has had a rival in the Ladies' Kennel Association, which, although limited to women, has a membership of 800. This organization has the energy of youth, and it has established a reciprocal agreement with the American Pet Dog Club of New York, which is maintained by ladies, with Mrs. Walter C. Stanton as President.

The American Kennel Club differs from the English club in being a congress of delegates from the different specialty and kennel clubs—sixty in all—who meet annually to elect officers and a board of governors. This, it will be seen, is a difference quite opposed to the conservative English principle of organization. The A. K. C. has had but four Presidents, Major J. M. Taylor, Mr. Elliot Smith, Mr. W. H. Child and Mr. August Belmont—the latter in office since 1886; and three Secretaries, E. Sheffield Porter, G. Edward Osborne and A. P. Vredenburgh, who has held office since 1886. In 1889 individual owners were admitted to associate membership. Dogs with unknown pedigrees but of recognized breeds may be listed for show purposes on the A. K. C. books, but no dog will be registered unless of established breeding. To date, the A. K. C. has registered the pedigrees of 54,327 dogs.

THE MISSION OF THE SPECIALTY CLUB

The specialty clubs are organizations to promote the development and encourage the breeding of certain breeds. The American Spaniel Club is the oldest and strongest, and perhaps the youngest is the St. Bernard Club, organized in 1898 to take the place of a previous organization which had disbanded. The clubs devoted to Fox-Terriers, Collies, Bull-Terriers and Pointers have particularly strong membership. In this respect a club's standing fluctuates with the rise and fall of its breed in popularity. At the Westminster show the specialty clubs make a brave front in the way of prizes to supplement the regular premium list. There are countless cups and pieces of plate offered, ranging in value from $300 to $50, in the more important breeds, open, however, only to competition among the members of each club. The specialty clubs are especially keen in offering prizes for dogs bred in this country and in promoting produce stakes. The leading exhibitors in each breed, as a matter of course, are the most active members of the specialty clubs. When a dog not owned by a specialty club member sweeps the boards, as Ivel Rustic has done in the Bulldog classes since his début at New York last year, it is usually because he is owned in England, for since amateur fanciers are nothing if not gregarious, the specialty club is usually the first goal of the American beginner.

SOME HIGH-PRICED RIBBON WINNERS

There have been many changes in canine fashions since the first Westminster show, when Mastiffs, Newfoundlands and Pugs were conspicuous in the array of some 400 types on the benches. Newfoundlands were ousted out of favor by the St. Bernards, often called the "Holy Breed." Including rough and smooth coated, there were 126 at the 1899 New York show, and for the same divisions this year over $500 was on the premium list in twenty-one classes. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, Jr., who made his bow this session in Congress from the Fifteenth District of New York, is President of the St. Bernard Club and one of the best-known exhibitors. Miss Anna and the Empress of Contoocook, respectively rough and smooth types, were two of his noted winners. When last seen at New York the former was catalogued at $2500 and the latter at $5000. One of his best now is Le Royal, a splendidly headed, rough-coated dog, bought for a long price last year from Mr. C. A. Pratt, of Arkansas, who bought the great Sir Bedivere from W. C. Reick a few years ago for $10,000. Le Royal, like Le Prince, Jr., F. H. Bushnell's smooth-coated California winner, is by Le Prince and was bred in Arkansas. Perhaps the most conspicuous exhibitor of St. Bernards is Mr. Frank J. Gould, who brought out the large, massive and densely coated Marvelcroft at the last New York show, which is undoubtedly the best of her sex in the country. His kennel is at Irvington, and, although a new hand, the Gould string will be very strong in the puppy classes this year, as well as in his imported division.

Mr. George J. Gould has been a successful exhibitor of Pointers for some years, and he enjoys shooting over the blue ribbon dogs at his hunting preserves in South Carolina in the season. Two Pointer amateurs, also in the millionaire division, are Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, who had some fine importations at the last New York show, and Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, who owns in Sir Walter the best Pointer of the times.

Cactus, long renowned as the handsomest of the English Setters, is now only a memory at the shows, but the Setters of this and other types are perhaps the leading classes at the Westminster exhibitions, and nearly all are homebreds.

In Field Spaniels, Mr. Rowland P. Keasbey's Saybrook Popcorn is a noted winner, and at the 1899 New York show Mr. Keasbey also won the team prize for the best exhibit of four. Mr. Keasbey is another wealthy amateur fancier, a note that may be made against the names of H. K. Bloodgood, Moses Taylor, Mrs. D. W. Evans and many more who bench Field or Cocker Spaniels. Persons of this sort in the "fancy" indicate an abiding vogue for a breed at the shows.

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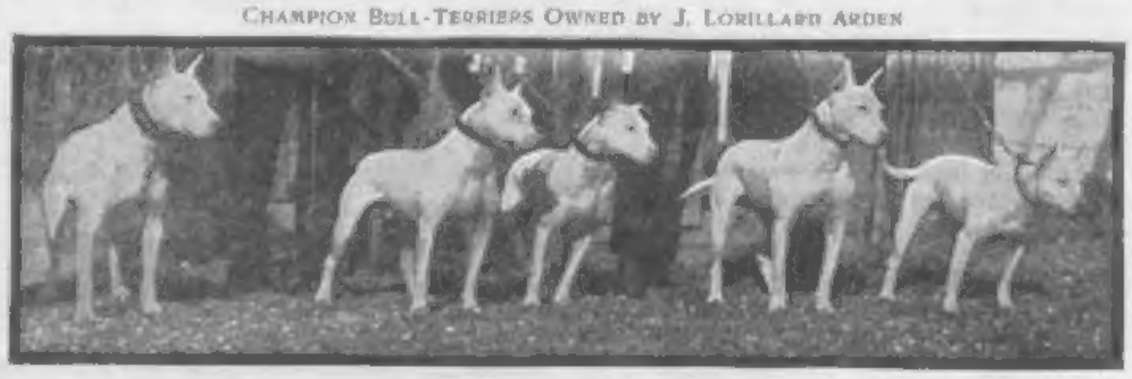

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Mr. George Gould's Pointers, are Englishmen and types of a class who earn good salaries there by handling dogs. A large number of Americans have taken up the calling, and with the increase in the number of wealthy enthusiasts this occupation will open up a profitable field of industry for young men willing to master its secrets. Mastiffs are now a class light in number at our shows, and the last great homebred brought out was J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince, which was sent abroad four years ago and

PHOTO BY HARRY F. PHILLIPS, LEEDS

GO BANG, THAT COST MR. G. M. CARNOCHAN $2500 IN ENGLAND

beat everything in England but Peter Piper. When still a young dog death cut short his career. The leading Mastiff of the day is by Beaufort's Black Prince, but a decided contrast in color, for instead of a light fawn he is the darkest of fawn brindles. This is Black Prince Brampton, owned by Dr. C. A. Louguest, who has also the strongest string of Bloodhounds, another breed no longer in great esteem as far as numbers go. Deerhounds, of the type of Sir Walter Scott's Maida, are also far from being a craze, but A. L. Page has some fine descendants of the royally bred Dunrobin. Russian Wolfhounds, of the kindred breeds, are more in favor. Mr. George Gould's children have one called Czar, that is a great pet and has won its share of blue ribbons. The fleet Greyhounds have many admirers, and if Jackrabbit coursing was not under the ban in the East there would be still more to exhibit, just as the Hempstead field trials have brought the Beagles into the fashionable category.

BULLS, TERRIERS AND BULL-TERRIERS

Most kennels use a distinctive prefix or suffix to their dogs' names, which is registered at the A. K. C., so that no other owner may "jump the claim." Mr. Morgan uses Cragston; Mr. August Belmont, Blemton, once the mightiest slogan of them all in the Fox-Terrier classes, and the Rutherfurds use Warren. In the kennels, too, the blue-ribbon dogs have usually a pet name less cumbersome than their registered name. Ivel Rustic, for instance, is Billy.

In Bulldogs, in spite of this dog's present eminence, the homebred stock is fast coming into great distinction. A famous dog now is Mr. C. G. Hopton's L'Ambassador, which has just returned from England with a share of the blue ribbons. Mr. Tyler Morse's Beaver Brook kennels show yearly some fine young homebreds. Since the retirement of Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Cardona the Bull-Terrier judges seem to be in want of a strong individual for the winner's class. Mr. Frank Dole, with the imported Woodcote Wonder, and Starlight, a winner at twelve years old, a rare age for the breed to show well, has won many prizes. Mr. J. Lorillard Arden, however, has run him close and has some beautiful types of the breed. Bull-Terriers are very well supported. Two notable exhibitors are Mr. C. Albert Stevens and Mr. William Faversham.

The Terrier breeds are now represented by the best lot of dogs ever seen in "these United States." In England sixteen types are recognized, but the A. K. C. can go one better by producing the American product, the Boston Terrier. This breed originated in Boston thirty years ago, the fountain-head being an imported cross between the Bulldog and the white English Terrier called Judge and owned by Mr. Robert C. Hooper in his Harvard days. Whether light or heavy weight, the type is a brindle and white dog, short and blocky in body, with a round head, showing intelligence and activity. Mr. L. A. Burritt's Tom shows the strongest type of the Boston. The breed is now in great fashion and demand.

SOME FANCY TERRIER BREEDS

Of the true Terrier breeds, the largest and most valuable in varied merits, the Airedale, was not known at our shows in strength until last year, when Mr. J. Lorillard Arden bought for $3500 the three best of the breed in England, viz., Clonmel Marvel, Clonmel Sensation and Clonmel Veracity. Mr. A. DeWitt Cochrane, Mr. Henry D. Steers and Mr. Perry Tiffany are also keen on the breed. Two notable Fox-Terriers were also imported last year: Go Bang, that cost Mr. G. M. Carnochan $2500 in England, the highest price ever paid for a Fox-Terrier, and Claude Duval, which Mr. Carnochan purchased afterward for nearly as much money. They were the acknowledged champions of the wire and smooth coated Fox-Terriers abroad and they won all their classes at New York, besides being the spectacular sensation of the show. Irish Terriers, to cut short this résumé of the blue-ribbon wearers of the "varmint" strains, have a representative in Mr. M. Bruckheimer's Masterpiece that is believed to have a great future. He is an American-bred specimen and was first seen at the Pet Dog Club show, where he won the special prize for the best dog of all breeds, a wonderful achievement for a puppy.

A BLACK PUG AND A PINK SPANIEL

Pet dogs have had many leaders since the fawn Pugs ceased to be the Beau Brummels of the boudoirs and lawns. Poodles may be said to have an established place—the influence largely of the importation of Milo, first of the curly Poodles, by Mr. H. G. Trevor, in 1889. The Prince Charlie and Ruby Spaniels and Yorkshire Terriers are also permanencies, and, like the Japanese Spaniels, each has in turn for a season or two been a craze. Now the white and fluffy Maltese Terriers are very fashionable, but the greatest novelties are the black Pugs and the Pomeranians. The latter have been the fad in England for some seasons. The most famous specimen in this country is Nubian Rebel, a towzled-furred, $1500 beauty, owned by Mrs. Smyth, of Philadelphia. This dog won at the Pet Dog Club show and has a string of over twenty-five blue ribbons won in England, where among others Nubian Rebel beat Tina, the Pomeranian that took the prize for the best dog at the Ladies' Kennel Association show at London last June.

PHOTO BY H. E. MENDELSSOHN, NEW YORK

CHAMPION MILO, OWNED BY H. G. TREVOR, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

The black Pugs have the muzzles and characteristics of the old type. Candace, the first high-class one seen in this country, was brought out by Mrs. Howard Gould at the Pet Dog Club show. The Yorkshires, however, may boast of an honor above any attained by their pet-dog brethren, for Miss Maria Louisa Pool dedicated one of her books to the Yorkshire, Orlando, "most gay, most sagacious, most devoted of companions."

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The New Mother Goose
By Guy Wetmore Carryl

The Pleasing Retort of Jilted Jack

A NOBLE and a generous mind
Was Jack's,
Folks knew he would not talk behind
Their backs,
But when some maiden fresh and young,
At Jack a bit of banter flung,
She soon discovered that his tongue
Was sharp as any ax.

A FLIRT of most engaging wiles
Was Jill,
On Jack she lavished all her smiles
Until
Her slave (and he was not the first)
Of lovesick swains became the worst,
His glance a strong box might have burst,
His sighs were fit to kill.

ONE April morning, clear and fair,
When both
Of staying home and idling there
In sloth
Were weary, Jack remarked to Jill,
"Oh, what's the sense in sitting still?
Let's mount the slope of yonder hill."
And she was nothing loth.

BUT as she answered, "What's the use?"
The gruff
Young swain replied, "Oh, there's excuse
Enough.
Your doting parents water lack;
We'll fill a pail and bring it back."
(The reader will perceive that Jack
Was putting up a bluff.)

THUS hand in hand the tempting hill
They scaled,
And Jack proposed a kiss to Jill,
And failed!
One backward start, one step too bold,
And down the hill the couple rolled,
Resembling, if the truth were told,
A luggage train derailed.

WITH eyes ablaze with anger she
Exclaimed,
"Well, who'd have thought! You'd ought to be
Ashamed!
You quite forget yourself, it's plain,
So I'll forget you, too! Insane
Young man, I'll say *oafseeder zane*."
(Her German might be blamed.)

BUT Jack, whose linguist's pride was pricked,
To shine,
Asked, "*Meine königin will nicht*
Be mine?"
But when she answered, "Nein," in spleen,
He cried, "Then in the soup tureen
You'll stay. You're not the only queen
Discarded for a nein!"

THE MORAL'S made for maidens young
And small:
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Enthral,
Lead off undaunted in a Swede
Or Spanish speech, and you'll succeed,
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